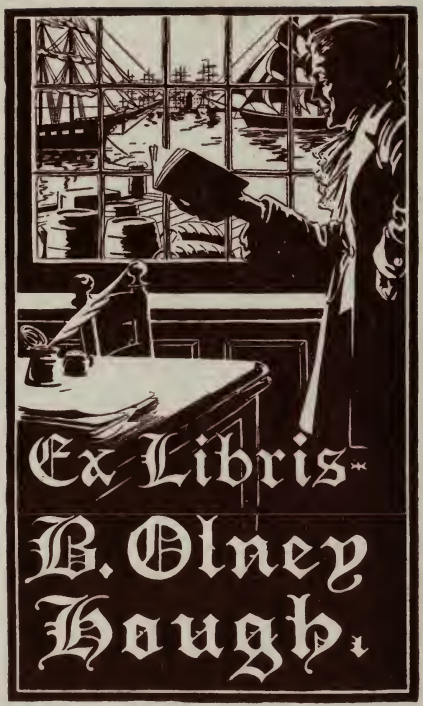
ROBERT BOWNE MINTURN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Peace

Mrs. Coolidge begs
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Regards
Mrs. Coolidge

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R. B. Minturn.

MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT BOWNE MINTURN.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

NEW YORK.
ANSON D, F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

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TO THE

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

OF

ROBERT BOWNE MINTURN,

This Volume

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

At the urgent request of many friends, it was intended, a long time since, to prepare this work for publication.

Illness, and many other circumstances, have hitherto prevented; and it is doubtful whether the task would ever have been accomplished but for the assistance of a friend, Miss Caroline May, whose ready pen and genial sympathy have materially aided in its completion.

The work was finally undertaken with great hesitation. To procure a successful portrait of a face we love is most difficult; how much

more difficult to convey in writing a just idea of a character made up of so many delicate traits as was that of the subject of this memoir.

To do this, as far as possible, we have given a short sketch of Mr. Minturn's life, with anecdotes, remembered words and selections from his own notes, letters and journals.

We are most grateful to those friends who have sent us the sketches drawn from their personal recollections; and these will be found among the most interesting portions of this work.

We have not asked for Mr. Minturn's letters from those with whom he corresponded on almost all subjects connected with the welfare of the human family, as the addition of these letters would have involved the necessity of a much larger volume.

We hope that we have been able, from the

material in our possession, to accomplish our aims in the preparation of this work, viz., to provide a pleasant memorial of one who will always be remembered with affection by those who knew him, and to convey some idea of his character to those who were too young to know or appreciate him in his life-time.

That his memory may serve as an example, is the earnest prayer of

THE COMPILER.

A MEMORIAL

OF

ROBERT BOWNE MINTURN.

CHAPTER I.

The memory of such men as Robert Bowne Minturn, who was distinguished for his large philanthropy, and loved for his universal goodness, should be known and cherished by a wider circle than his immediate family and friends. And for this purpose, facts touching his useful life have been collected.

But first it will be right to give some account of his ancestry, for on both father's and mother's side the best claim to respectability was found, in that virtue, integrity, and honour which constitute nature's noblemen.

Jonas Minturn, the great-grandfather of Robert, owned and lived on a farm in Narragansett in 1732. The records of Long Island shew that a Richard Minthorne lived in South-Hampton in 1672, who may probably have been an ancestor of the Minturn family, as they were known to have emigrated from England to Long Island.

Jonas married Penelope Browne, and had two sons and a daughter. One son died early; the other, William, became a wealthy merchant in Newport, where he was esteemed for his benevolence and public spirit. His success as a merchant was in great part owing to a remarkable decision and promptitude of character, as an instance of which we give the following anecdote. When quite a youth his desire to visit foreign countries was so strong, as to induce him to enter a merchant ship as second mate. The vessel was bound for England, during the war of 1763 between England and France, and captured by the French,

who would not yield it without a high ransom. The captain was utterly destitute of means to regain his vessel, but young Minturn, seeing the dilemma, stepped forward and assured the perplexed captain and crew that, if they would put him on shore in England, he would proceed to London and represent the facts to a mercantile house there in such a light as to win success. They consented, and in his sailor's dress he went on foot to London, placed himself before the heads of the house, and stated the case so forcibly, as to obtain a favourable answer to all his demands. He returned triumphantly with the ransom of the ship, which was set free and sailed back in safety to Newport; and its owners were so pleased with this act of heroism that they made him commander. This step led on to another, and he soon became a ship-owner.

In 1788, he, (in conjunction with other gentlemen of Rhode Island,) founded the city of Hudson; and, viewing its situation as

particularly favourable for both agriculture and navigation, did all in his power to advance its shipping interests. In 1791, he removed to New York, and died eight years afterwards, having displayed in every relation of life, a character marked by justice, firmness, and charity. He left a widow and ten children. His widow, whose maiden name was Penelope Greene, (a cousin of General Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary memory,) died in 1821.

She must have possessed some determination and force of character, as we find that during the war, she travelled all the way from Narragansett to Hudson on horseback, carrying her wardrobe upon her person, that it might not be taken from her. The father of this Penelope Greene left an inheritance of virtue to his descendants. Obituary notices are not always safe guides to truth, but we must not pass over the words of an estimable Christian lady, who, at the advanced age of ninety-five, wrote

beneath the record of her father in the family Bible the following lines,—"I wish to leave this true testimony to my father, for his grand-children and great-grand-children to the third and fourth generation, that they may strive to follow his bright example:"—nor these written by his grand-daughter, Mary Minturn Post, in connection with the above, "Earnestly, my dear children, do I respond to this desire, and seeing you are blessed with so good an inheritance, may we not trust that it will descend unsullied to unborn generations."

William Minturn, the father of Robert the subject of our memoir, was born at Newport, 1776; married Sarah, daughter of Robert Bowne, of New York, and died at Islip, Suffolk County, Long Island, in 1818. Besides these dates, we find little of importance concerning him, except that he was a man of unusual refinement and extreme sensibility.

His uncle, Thomas Greene, writes of him

from Newport, January 14, 1791: "We were greatly rejoiced in seeing your son William, attended by your faithful servant Nero; he has grown tall, but has the same sedate countenance he always had." This faithful Nero was always remembered in the letters that William Minturn wrote, during an absence of two or three years in China, to his family at home. When he returned, he brought with him many articles of beauty and value, then more rare than at the present time. His life was cut short when scarcely past its prime, and his son left to the care of a widowed mother. But the promises of God to be a father to the fatherless, were especially fulfilled in this case. The ancestors of his wife deserve notice. The first of whom we hear, John Bowne, was a native of Matlock, in England, and there, in the records of the parish church, is registered his baptism, on the 29th of March, 1627. He emigrated to America and settled in Flushing, Long Island, in

1656, where he erected a dwelling about six years afterward. Shaded by grand old trees, whose heavy, far-spreading boughs seem to love the abode they shelter—this ancient English-looking homestead may yet be seen, still complete and pleasant, containing many relics of the family, and documents relating to the Society of Friends, of which John Bowne became a member. He was a man of firm principle and moral courage. Being arrested for his religious opinions by the agents of the Government of the Netherlands, and sent to Holland, he boldly testified to his conscientious belief by submitting to detention there, rather than yield what he thought right and true. He was sent back, however, with a reproof to those who had arrested him. His son and namesake was a man of extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of mind and body. His death was caused by having accidentally witnessed the cruel corporal punishment of a deserter during the revolu-

tionary war in November, 1757. This barbarism so wrought upon his feelings as to bring on a convulsion fit, from which he died the same day.

Robert, the grandson of John Bowne, was widely known in the city of New York, being foremost in all the charitable efforts of the day. De Witt Clinton, in a speech before some political committee, in April, 1824, refers in these words to Robert Bowne as Canal Commissioner:

"Let me on this occasion discharge a debt of gratitude and of justice to the late Robert Bowne. He is now elevated above all human panegyric, and reposes, I humbly and fervently believe, in the bosom of his God. He had at an early period devoted his attention to this subject, and was master of all its important bearings. To his wise counsels, intelligent views, and patriotic exertions, we were under incalculable obligations. I never left the society of this venerable man without feeling the most

powerful inducements for the most animated efforts." The *Commercial Advertiser* of New York, August 4, 1818, gives this notice: "Died on Sunday evening, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Robert Bowne, a member of the Society of Friends. He was one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, a man of great benevolence, for he considered that the precepts of Christianity, properly understood, must seek the good of our fellow-men, and wherever there was a real sufferer, of whatever colour or creed, who applied to him for relief, his active mind, his open purse, his expanded heart, his willing feet, prompted him actively and perseveringly to administer to their respective wants; his example and influence during a great part of his life served to give a tone to our fellow-citizens in philanthropic exertions. He was remarkable for assisting young men, or those who had been unsuccessful in business, and many who are now in affluence acknowledge with

gratitude how much they are indebted to their deceased friend for an early and well-timed assistance. He was one of the first directors of the Bank of New York, and a member of that board twenty-five years. For forty-five years he was a governor of the New York Hospital, and about twenty-four years vice-president of that valuable society."

The wife of Robert Bowne was Elizabeth Hartshorne, whose family for six generations back possessed a moral and social worth unbroken and without a flaw. It is remarkable, for in this country such facts are not frequent, that her family occupied, and still occupy, the very same house and grounds in New Jersey ceded to their ancestors at the same time with William Penn. The first Richard Hartshorne was of the same religious persuasion as Penn. He was born in Hathcairn, in the county of Leicester, England, on the 24th of October, 1643, and came to America in 1680.

He was one of twenty-four proprietors of East Jersey, and named the place he selected for his abode at the Highlands of Navesink, Portland, which name it still retains. The selection of this site showed the fine taste of the settler. There can scarcely be more magnificent views than those it commands; whether the eye wanders along the lofty line of the Highlands with their dark shadowy clefts, and rich green sloping meadows; or passes over to the opposite shore melting into blue distance; or, preferring sublimity to beauty, reaches out to the ocean beyond, and dwells with mysterious awe on the ever-varying lights and shadows, the alternate peace and tumult, that the wind and the weather make upon the sea.

As this memorial is written with a desire that it should be of use to young people, it may not be amiss to quote very largely from the last advice of the good Quaker, Richard Hartshorne, left as a legacy to his

family : " My children, what I now write to you is to speak when I cannot, therefore I charge you all to mind what I say. I exhort you all to serve God with an upright heart, for if your heart is not upright toward God all your service and worship are vain. I desire you all in a humble frame of spirit, to mind and hearken to the Spirit of God in every one of your consciences, and as you yield obedience to that and there abide, your heart will be upright in the sight of God, and so your worship will be acceptable. Pray that God will give you a true faith in Him, and be sure you avoid vain janglings and controversies about religion. Be sober in all communities, and if they suit you not, keep away, and make no scoff nor flout at any, especially in their religious worship ; nor go because it only pleases this or the other man, but because it is well-pleasing to God. Be sure, all of you, to be dutiful to your mother, and show her that obedience due to a good mother

for such she has been to you; and see that you are all loving and kind one to another as brothers and sisters ought to be. I charge all of you not to be lofty, but endeavour to serve each other according to your ability. And be not hot, but slow in taking offence, and slower in giving; and be courteous to all, shutting not your door against a stranger, but showing hospitality by setting him on his way. And, my sons, forasmuch as there is a necessity for government while we are upon earth, for the well ordering affairs in the world, see that you endeavour as far as you can to choose good men, and be not wanting to support them according to your ability; and guard against ambition of rule or office.

"And now, my children, I commit you all to God Almighty, who is a Father to the fatherless who truly fear Him, and take my leave. Farewell! farewell!"

CHAPTER II.

Robert Minturn was born in Pearl Street, on the 16th of November, 1805.

His childhood was marked by no very striking qualities. His strong affection for his mother, which was the most prominent, endeared to his memory every little incident connected with her. He used to tell of his great distress on one occasion, when he, being then only twelve, was permitted to drive her from New York to Islip,—the carriage was overturned, and his mother was taken up insensible.

He felt deeply the restricted circumstances of his mother after she became a widow; and this, no doubt, nerved his arm

for the battle of life upon which he so early entered. His grandfather Minturn had died rich, leaving a large family amply provided for; and his sons were among the most extensive shipping merchants of their time. The war of 1812, however, so embarrassed commerce, and the immense losses by privateering so prostrated business, that they suffered in common with many others. The consequence was, that when Mr. William Minturn died, it became necessary that his son Robert should give up his books and study to acquire habits of business. We have this testimony to his good conduct at school. His father writing from China to his wife, June 11th, 1814, says—"Our dear Robert's letter came in for its full share of the satisfaction they all afforded. I think he has greatly improved in writing, and am glad to hear he is *as good a boy as any in school.* This I never doubted for a moment, his amiable disposition is a sure pledge of that."

It was a sore trial to the dutiful boy to be obliged to leave school; as he had just begun studying the classics, and was very fond of his books. He had a strong desire to devote himself to medicine; and, as his future success in life was mainly the result of his own industry and energy, he would doubtless have become as eminent in that profession, as he did in mercantile pursuits. He gave great satisfaction as a clerk to his first and only employer, Mr. Sewall, whose son is now a partner in the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. While in this office, his conscientious devotion to duty was remarkable; and when we hear from his mother's account that he was in the habit of carrying his pocket Testament to his place of business, we feel that he early recognized a divine treasury of virtue and strength. His mother advised him frequently to read the 8th chapter of Deuteronomy. This early advice he continued to follow long after it was given, feeling as if

the lessons it contained were peculiarly addressed to himself.

He would often speak of the early and late hours he devoted to work. And this close attention to business was not unrewarded, for before he was twenty-one he owned a vessel. He was then in the counting-house of Mr. Charles Greene, who felt and practically testified the highest regard for his young clerk by making him a partner in his business. It would be well if young men, entering business, would always remember that the eyes of their seniors are upon them, not only those in whose immediate employ they may be, but of many others also.

So trustworthy, so scrupulously correct, was young Minturn deemed, that when Mr. Greene sailed for Europe in 1825, he placed the entire management of the house in his hands. This honour, however, was not without its accompanying burden of care. It was not more than a year after he was thus

advanced, that the great financial crisis occurred which brought distress and despair to the commercial world.

The young merchant, bearing alone the immense responsibilities of the house, was almost crushed beneath the load. He could never refer to the trials of this period without seeming to feel over again the exquisite mental anguish he endured, when his faith seemed to fail him. To show how strongly he was overborne by the perplexities that haunted him night and day, he has confessed that when walking along the wharves by the river-side to cool his brow and think over his work, he was sometimes tempted to throw himself into the dark waters. But the strength of his natural courage, aided by divine grace, enabled him to use the words of his divine Master when he was sorely tried, and the terrible temptation was vanquished.

Robert Minturn owed much of his early training to his mother, and inherited from

her his warm heart and unselfish disposition. These traits, as well as a great degree of force and decision, were transmitted to her by her admirable father, Robert Bowne. She never wearied in holding him up as a pattern to her son, who fairly copied all that she could most delight in. It is a most interesting study this transmission of moral qualities from generation to generation, and it should be an inducement to all young people to form such habits and cultivate such qualities as may be a desirable inheritance for those that shall follow them.

Kindness to the sick and suffering was ever remarkable both in mother and son. When that terrible scourge, yellow-fever, visited New York, and a certain portion of the city (then comparatively small) was boarded in, her father's family were removed entirely out of the city to a residence on Manhattan Island. She, however, a young girl of sixteen, preferred to remain with her father in their usual abode, in order to nurse

the sick. On one occasion she crossed the street in the night, with a lantern in her hand, that she might minister to a friend who was dying; and after closing the eyes of one sufferer, she passed on to do what she could for another. This did not come from her own lips; but she used to tell with maternal satisfaction, that her son at the age of eighteen, helped her to nurse a coloured servant, who was ill of that dreadful disease, small-pox. A severe attack of varioloid was the result of his self-forgetting exposure.

Thus united in congeniality of character, and in an affection of no ordinary nature, they were one in heart, until that devoted mother died at the advanced age of eighty-two. It was pleasant to see them together, and to hear the aged woman counsel and direct her son, when far past the meridian of life, as she did when he was a boy.

On the day he attained his forty-sixth

year, she copied and sent him the following verse from one of Burns' rhyming epistles:

"In ploughman's phrase, God send thee speed
Still daily to grow wiser,
And may'st thou better take the heed
Than e'er did thy adviser."

CHAPTER III.

Although, as we have stated, Robert Minturn was forced to leave school when only fourteen, he did not on that account neglect the self-education on which depends,more than on any tutor or college, the growth of the mental faculties, and the increase of knowledge by which they grow. His evenings were always employed in study, and diligent reading was pursued whenever it was possible, a habit that continued through life. He was fond of the study of languages, and made himself a proficient in French. His literary taste was greatly encouraged and influenced by his elder sister, Mary Minturn, a woman of unusual attainments, and of most tender devo-

tion towards her brother, whose general cultivation, and, consequently, his general usefulness, were in great part the fruits of this devotion.

The habits of the Society of Friends do not usually encourage those tastes and accomplishments which are known to have so happy an influence in beautifying existence, and solacing the weary brain and anxious heart. In after-life, Mr. Minturn spoke of this defect in his own education with regret, and said he thought it better to allow children and youth a certain freedom in the innocent pleasures which belong to that period of life.

Would it not be a happy thing if those young men who now give night and day to the pursuit of fortune, were to pause in their exciting career, and determine to devote certain hours to the improvement of their health by exercise, and to such mental occupations as shall entirely shut out the business of life for the time. A wise author says,

"We should not fancy we are serving the cause of godliness when we are discouraging recreation. Let us be hearty in our pleasures, as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight, looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard task-master might, who, in the glee of his slaves, could see only a hindrance to their profitable working. Who are the men of history to be admired most? Those whom most things became, who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, considerate in a sick-room, genial at a feast, joyous at a festival, capable of discourse with many minds, large-souled, not to be shrivelled up into any one form, fashion, or temperament."

Robert Minturn's second sister, Sarah, married Mr. Henry Grinnell, who was for a long time partner of the house of Grinnell and Minturn. Mr. Grinnell's eldest brother had been one of the firm of Fish

and Grinnell, and after realizing an independence, had withdrawn to private life leaving his business to his brothers, Henry and Moses Grinnell. Robert Minturn became one of the firm in 1830; and for thirty-five years sustained its wide reputation, by his industry and energy. When his father died, his mother returned, with her little family, to the house of her childhood. But Robert, at the age of twenty-one, established a separate home for himself and his sister Mary, who was some years older, and they lived together in much happiness eight years. Their attachment, as we have said, was peculiarly strong: a good son always makes a good brother. She would meet him at the door on his return from business, when he usually had some little offering of book or flower to present to her who was so ready with her affectionate welcome.

After his establishment as a man of business, and a house-keeper with his sister, he

still persevered in going to the Friends meeting; but his extreme mental activity was such, that he could not find, in their silent mode of worship, the helps he needed to make his devotion a whole and conscious act; although his mother often told him, in after life, in her own simple Quaker style: "Robert, it would do thee good to go and sit quietly for an hour in meeting." He never lost his attachment or respect to that Society, of which his maternal ancestors were for so many years faithful and consistent members. There were times, also, when, long after he had separated himself from them, he contrasted the influence of their religion, so all-pervading and sincere, with that of those not separated from the world by dress and forms. On one occasion, especially, the death of a cousin, whose mother was a preacher, he returned from the funeral very strongly impressed with the triumphant faith of the bereaved mother. The funeral was a silent

meeting; but, when all was quiet and hushed in the house of mourning, the mother rose up and begun a hymn of thanksgiving, so rich and so full, using the glorious words of the Psalmist, as if she saw heaven opened, and her child entered into the realms of bliss. But Robert Minturn's temperament was such, that he could not realize the advantage he wished from Quaker meetings. His thoughts were continually busy with his week-day pursuits, so that he was even tempted to go down to his place of business on Sunday. At such times he passed through Beekman Street. The doors of St. George's, an Episcopal church, then under the care of the excellent Dr. Milnor, stood always open, as if to invite the wanderer in.

On one occasion conscience, which had before convinced him that he was not in the path of duty, spoke too strongly to be silenced, and he entered the church, and remained through Divine Service. The

result was, that the very next day he took a pew for himself and sister; and became soon after an active member of the church, foremost with his aid in all its charities, and an attached and faithful friend of Dr. Milnor. He also formed friendships which lasted through life, with Mr. Stewart Brown and Mr. Frederick Winston, who were prominent members of that church. It was not, however, until after his marriage that he was led to consider the sacraments of the church as means of grace. His determination to be baptized was the result of a correspondence with his friend, Bishop Ives. The baptism took place when his second son, John, was christened, father and child at the same time being made members of Christ's body, the church. A touching and blessed sight.

Mr. Minturn's success in business at so early an age, gave him the opportunity of aiding his young relatives, who, like himself, had been obliged, after the wreck of

their paternal fortunes, to take the oar in hand. It would give them pleasure to testify to his disinterested exertions in their behalf. The case of one female relative, particularly, whose fortune had suffered by being involved in the same catastrophe with that of his father and uncles, should not be overlooked, as he advanced a sufficient sum of money to buy a farm, which enabled a family of children to be brought up, educated and prepared to fill the most respectable positions in society. On the death of the father of this family, Mr. Minturn was sent for from a scene of gaiety at the house of another relation — a striking contrast! He found the aged sufferer sitting up in bed, surrounded by his weeping wife and children; and when he had given each a separate farewell, he turned to Mr. Minturn with a special parting blessing before his eyes closed in death.

To an aunt who had remained unmarried he was as a son, nursing her little fortune

until she became quite independent. She used to say, "I never expressed a wish in his presence, even when he was a child, that he did not try to gratify; and never said I had anything to do, that he did not ask, 'Cannot I do it?'" It is not easy to reckon the good influence such a character exerted in his extended family circle. When they were gathered, as was often the case, under his own roof, to the number of sixty or seventy, none further off in relationship than the husbands and wives of cousins, his happy, beaming face filled every heart with pleasure, and every one felt that his presence was like sunshine. An anecdote is told of a visit paid to him by Mr. Thomas Ward, then agent in America of the house of Baring Brothers. A large share of the business correspondence of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. fell into the hands of the younger member of the firm; and when Mr. Ward came to New York, entered their counting-house, and asked for

Mr. Minturn, a young man at his desk replied—"I am he." "Not you—not you," said Mr. Ward; "but the old man;" and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded that the bright young face before him belonged to the sage writer of so many business letters betokening such rare practicalness and wide experience.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Minturn had often considered the subject of matrimony in the grave and earnest manner a nature like his would contemplate every important step in life. He was travelling, in the year 1834, with his sister and cousin, intending to take them to the White Mountains. They had gone as far as Saratoga, at that time the chief watering place of the North, and the favourite resort of Southerners, who annually came there to escape from the heat and malaria of their own portion of the country. They remained a fortnight at the Springs; but though Mr. Minturn saw many attractive young ladies, he saw none among the crowd of belles with whom he

hoped to unite his fate. The morning they left, they met in the cars a gentleman and his daughter, and one hour together decided their destinies.

As soon as possible, he made enquiries as to the name and whereabouts of the young lady, fully resolved to win her if she were free. This attachment, begun with so romantic a suddenness, was not consummated in marriage without mature deliberation, and the conviction that the stranger who had at first sight caught his fancy, would aid him in his work in life. On the 2nd of June, 1835, he was united to this young lady, Miss Anna Mary Wendell, daughter of John Lansing Wendell, a lawyer of eminence in Albany, whose family had been among the earliest settlers in our country from Holland. The Rev. Dr. Potter, of St. Peter's Church, performed the ceremony. A marriage in church was at that time quite a novelty in Albany, and this was a large and gay wedding party

Educated in schools as different as possible, with no early associations, there was still an unusual bond of sympathy between the bride and her husband; and while in many respects their characters were contrasts, yet their tastes and views of life and of duty were the same. And now that we have brought him thus far in his course through life, it is but right to pause and ask what was the result of this unwearied assiduity in business, this forgetfulness of self, this consideration for others, this devotion to duty. The answer is this: At the age of thirty, he held a high position in the opinion of men old enough to be his father, and possessed an influence second to none in his own city; and when he took his place as a married man at the head of a family, it was with the recognition by all who knew him that none were better qualified to guide and benefit others than he. His house became the resort of some of our most distinguished men, who ever found a warm appreciation

as well as a hearty welcome at his hospitable board. He had a natural love of art, and soon began to collect such objects around him as proved the possession of that taste which helped to soften the vigourous efforts of business life. He was a sincere lover of nature; and in any vacation that he allowed himself, he delighted to get as far away as he could from the busy haunts of men, and in the wild woods or along the banks of rushing streams, to bathe his spirit in the peace that dwells apart from the noisy world.

Mr. Minturn passed the first year of his married life in Chambers Street, where his eldest son, Robert Bowne, was born. This event opened a new fount of love and tenderness in his heart, and he then pledged himself to a still greater devotion to God and to duty. Rarely was pledge better fulfilled. He afterwards removed to Hudson Square, and it was not long before his reputation as a benevolent man became so widely known among the poor of the neighbour-

hood and of the city, that his doors were fairly thronged by those who came for relief. The basement of his house resembled the outer courts of monasteries in olden times, when the multitude came to be fed and clothed. This was a dangerous species of charity in a country like ours, where none but the sick, the aged, or the orphan, need that sort of assistance.

About the time of the birth of his second child, Susan Carter, he suggested that a society similar to one that existed in Albany, for the systematic care of the poor, apart from any legal provision, should be set on foot in New York. This wide-spread and most effective charity, called "The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor," he mainly contributed to establish, and for some years was one of the visitors to the poor. He learned in these visits, to know many valuable men, who, like himself, went about doing good. The name of one of these, who for many years

had been the centre and administrator of this society, was the last intelligible word on his lips—"Send for Mr. Hartley," his mind still occupied, when life was fast passing away. In a letter addressed to his family after his death, Mr. Hartley writes, "His record is far above the reach of human praise. His noblest encomium is that the *poor* remember him, that a thousand hearts embalm his memory, and mingle their tears and sorrows with your own."

The world has its heavy duties and from these he did not shrink. The recollections of his married life often made him regret that he had not allowed himself more leisure for his family. It was a remarkable fact that his time out of business hours, was frequently engrossed with cases of arbitration. This sacrifice of comfort and even of family enjoyment was given simply to the cause of friendship, to save litigation.

The removal of Mr. Minturn to Hudson Square induced him to leave St. George's,

and take a sitting in St. John's Chapel, belonging to Trinity. He soon became intimately known to the rector, who proposed that he should become one of the trustees of that large corporation, which holds such immense wealth, given originally by the crown to the Episcopal churches of New York. Mr. Minturn gladly accepted the proposition, and at once made known to the rector his views, which were, that the property thus held was doing its minimum amount of good in the city. He had long looked with the deepest regret upon that hoarded wealth, while a large portion of our city was neglected by the church. As fast as the city grew, proportionate means should have been provided by this wealthy body, according to its original destination, to facilitate worship for those citizens who were members of the Episcopal church. But, in Mr. Minturn's opinion, instead of this wealth being a blessing to New York, it

was an incubus on the church, interfering with the exertions of private individuals, who always replied, when applications were made to them to establish new churches—"Why does not Trinity do the work?"

Through his frank expression of these views, he was never again called upon to aid in the care of this fund, or in its distribution. A few years later, he, with other prominent members of the church, took active legislative measures, to demand what they conceived was the true and legitimate use of the money. Though the effort failed at the time, we may hope that, attention being thus roused to the duty of those holding this immensely valuable property, has led to a more active and energetic disposal of it, as the present rector and vestry are endeavoring to extend its influence by instituting much-needed city missions.

In the year 1838, Mr. Minturn went with his wife and family to Canada, and received the hospitalities of the Governor-

general, then Lord Durham; who, with his elegant and accomplished wife, did the honors of their country most gracefully Mr. Minturn formed the acquaintance of several Englishmen of rank and position in Canada, and this occurrence led to his frequently entertaining in his New York home visitors of distinction from England, who came recommended by his Canadian friends. It is an evidence of his intrinsic worth of character, as well as of his enlarged views and general intelligence, that men of high position and of extreme cultivation, men who had seen so much of life in foreign lands, should have found pleasure and advantage in his society. It is a strong encouragement to duty, to application, and to self-improvement and self-control, and all those nobler qualities which make a man beloved and respected in every station and grade of life. Mr. Minturn kept up an occasional correspondence with these friends, and when any events of special

moment transpired in our own country, or in England, letters were exchanged, and the views of public men and their actions canvassed. Many letters of deep sympathy from these gentlemen were received by the family of Mr. Minturn after his death, showing how sincere was the attachment he had inspired. One of these, a member of parliament, writes: "The news of his death filled me with sorrow both on private and public accounts; for, in the present state of feeling between our two countries, I believe there are few on either side of the Atlantic who could not have been better spared."

Another says, "Our friendship had extended over many years, and I can honestly say that, among the many men with whom I have lived, in various degrees of intimacy, during all that time, there has never been one in whom I have felt a more perfect trust for honor, honesty, virtue and truth; and I have often felt, when I have

heard your countrymen decried, that when such men as your father were to be found among them, there would always be that leaven which makes the whole lump good." And another writes: "Both Lady B. and myself are most truly grieved at the sad event. To me he has always been a most kind and valued friend for more than twenty-five years, and I feel his loss very much indeed."

An officer in India says: "He was one of the best and kindest friends I ever had. I have often thought that my trip to America, in 1855, even if it had had no other advantage, was well worth taking to obtain the friendship of a man of his distinguished position and character. It must be a gratification to his friends that the last act of his useful and philanthropic life was making a provision for the poor freedmen."

CHAPTER V.

About the year 1841, Mr. Minturn was solicited to take part in public affairs, an important office in the State being offered to him. This he declined, feeling that his sphere of duty was sufficiently large, and its responsibilities not lightly to be laid aside. But the circumstance brought him into pleasant intercourse with many of the prominent men of the time, with some of whom a lasting friendship was formed.

The following year Mr. Minturn rented a cottage, called Silver Spring, on the Hudson, not far from Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving. The neighborhood was a delightful one; and, in the society of half a dozen families, genial,

cultivated, and refined, three summers of memorable enjoyment were passed. Mr. Minturn's great delight was to get away from the heat and bustle of the city—not for the night's rest only, but, whenever he could be spared, for a day from the toils of his counting-house. Every point of interest for miles around, rendered classic by the inimitable sketches of Washington Irving; every rare view, every sequestered nook, was visited again and again during these three happy summers. At that time the Hudson River Railroad was not constructed, and access to the city being slower than it is now, seemed to give an additional charm to the retirement of those homes that crown the cliffs or nestle in the valleys of that magnificent river. It is pleasant to recall those days of Mr. Minturn's life, when, becoming a child with his children in the enjoyment of their country amusements, he entered heartily into any plan proposed for an excursion on the river, or a picnic in

the woods. His kind, large heart always contrived to extend the pleasure to as many as possible, and in proportion to the number of those on whom he could confer happiness, so was his own increased.

Mr. Minturn erected a large, commodious house in the Fifth Avenue, in the year 1844, and in the autumn of 1845 the family removed thither from Hudson Square. Not many months after this change of residence, Sarah, the fourth daughter, was born. The summer of 1845, and the two succeeding, were passed at Newport. These three summers brought them into more intimate association with Mr. John A. Stevens, an old and valued friend, Mr. David Kennedy, and others, whose friendship death only severed. Among the new friends most valued, was the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Lindley Hoffman. She was deeply interested in the work of Dr. Muhlenberg, who at that time was carrying out the desires of his

sister, Mrs. Rogers, whose husband had bequeathed a sum of money for the erection of a church, intended to be free. This plan found such a hearty response from Mr. Minturn, that a most cordial friendship was formed for Mrs. Hoffman, and a happy intercourse of congenial sentiments established between them, which we cannot doubt has been renewed in that better land, on which they have both entered.

Mr. Minturn had been for a long time interested in the subject of free churches, and gave much time and active effort towards bringing it before the legislature. He therefore became Dr. Muhlenberg's coadjutor. We find a memorandum of Mr. Minturn's, dated April 12, 1854: "*Free Church Bill* passed this day." And soon after another: "Subscribed $500 to Mr. T., for his church, *provided* the sittings be made free."

He took the warmest interest in the development of this plan in the church of

the Holy Communion, where Dr. Muhlenberg, by his attractive services, parochial schools, and other ministerial efforts, soon filled to overflowing, the beautiful edifice which has been for twenty-five years, and still is, the centre of a vast field of usefulness. The first service in this church was the baptism of Sarah, Mr. Minturn's fourth daughter. The church was not quite finished, but the font was there, given by Mrs. Hoffman. This dear friend stood sponsor for the little darling, who lived an angel's life of six years, and then winged her way to that pure heaven which seemed to be her native sphere.

The attachment between Mr. Minturn and Dr. Muhlenberg led to a constant cooperation in all good works. The Church of the Holy Communion fairly established, a new enterprise suggested itself to the active mind of its pastor. He determined to build a church hospital; and, connected with this, we find two minutes among Mr. Min-

turn's papers. "March 13th, 1852: I have this day authorized Dr. Muhlenberg to subscribe for me $10,000 to St. Luke's Hospital, provided the sum of $100,000 be raised within a year." Two years and two months after, he writes, "May 6th, 1854: This day witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of St. Luke's Hospital. The services were conducted by the Right Reverend Bishop Wainwright."

On the same page of his note-book, (though this is anticipating dates,) he writes: "I also authorized Mr. A. M. Wetmore to subscribe $5,000 for me to the Juvenile Asylum; conditionally that within the year the necessary subscription and other arrangements are effected, to secure a grant of $50,000 from the corporation; and the provision for the support of the institution by an annual allowance for each child, as provided in the Act of Incorporation. Both the above subscriptions are anonymous, and I am only known as the donor to persons

who make the subscription, and to my dear wife."

Mr. Minturn, in connection with other gentlemen, became seriously impressed with the immense evils to which emigrants arriving on our shores were exposed, and took active measures for the reform of these evils. He devoted much time to this object; and in this, as in other efforts of the kind, he was always ably assisted by Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany, whose legislative influence, as well as his own benevolence, were invaluable aids. A volume of letters, bound in their original form, is preserved by Mr. Weed, which contains a great number from Mr. Minturn, shewing in how many different ways his mind was employed, and his influence brought to bear on the correction of important evils in commercial and shipping affairs. Unfortunately, the opportunity having been lost for selections from these letters, it only remains to say that in this particular effort for the benefit of emi-

grants, a Commission was established, and Commissioners appointed by the State, whose labours were without remuneration, except that which flowed from the satisfaction of giving relief to their fellow-creatures.

It was a blessed Providence that led to this measure, for no sooner was it accomplished, than the famine of 1845, in Ireland, sent thousands of wretched, starving, fever-stricken emigrants to our shores. Room could not be found to accommodate the sad numbers that were rushing from their native country to find food and life in a land of abundance. Truly a Joseph was in Egypt, ready to feed them and labour in their behalf. Mr. Minturn was not alone in these labours, he had ready co-adjutors in many of our most respectable citizens, but we feel sure that if their testimony were given, it would be to the fact that nothing could exceed his devotion to the wretched sufferers who were pouring in by thousands. Ships

were arriving daily, filled with sick and haggard creatures who had been too ill to prepare their own miserable food, and whc were literally dying. The hospitals were soon filled to overflowing; and the quarantine grounds covered with rough sheds, put up as quickly as possible to receive these poor sufferers. Mr. Minturn constantly visited them, directing the baths, food, and medicine they should receive. One Sunday morning when in church, he was called out and did not return home until late in the day. He afterwards told his family that he had been occupied for hours in receiving, sheltering, and superintending himself the preparation of food for a large ship-load of emigrants who had arrived in a most dreadful condition. A warm bath, clean linen, and wholesome food, often revived those who seemed to be rapidly passing away under the baneful influence of typhoid fever.

Some years before this, Mr. Minturn had

purchased a portion of Ward's Island which contained a large building, partly in ruins, that had been erected for a manufacturing purpose. He bought it with the intention of holding the land in order to give it to benevolent institutions. The moment had arrived when this purchase was to be made a public blessing. The building was soon repaired and rented as a large and commodious hospital for the benefit of the emigrants. Afterwards the hospital and lands were exchanged by the Commission for another portion of land at the southern extremity of Ward's Island.

This was held by Mr. Minturn until within a fortnight of his death, when, with a sort of premonition, he told his wife, that, fearing the possibility of his being taken away before the land should be put to the use for which he had intended it, he had transferred it to the Trustees of St. Luke's Hospital, to be held by them until it could be disposed of for the benefit of those for

whom he had originally bought it. He had gone over the land that autumn, with the intention of giving it for the erection of charitable institutions, and had a beautiful plan drawn out for a cluster of buildings—houses for aged and infirm men and women—a convalescing hospital for children—and a church in the centre, which was to be built at his own expense. This earthly gratification was not given to him.

The land has since been sold by the trustees; the proceeds to be devoted to purchasing sites for the same charitable objects, more easy of access than an island can be.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Minturn's great devotion to these poor emigrants told upon his health. Sleepless nights and anxious days filled with new projects for their relief, or with tormenting thoughts that he might possibly have done something more, made it necessary that he should relinquish the charge and go abroad for a season.

To separate himself from so many active pursuits, and withdraw from the various benevolent societies in which he was at this time engaged, required a great deal of resolution and awakened the sympathy of all who knew him. The notice of his withdrawal from the Commission of Emigration,

which we subjoin, gives an epitome of his labours, and their effect on his health:

"The resignation of Mr. Robert B. Minturn of the Office of Emigration will be learned with profound regret by all who know the nature and value of the services he has been rendering.

"Mr. Minturn was appointed by the law creating Commissioners of Emigration. The usefulness of that law to the city and the state, and its beneficial effect upon the emigrants arriving since its passage in New York, is known and acknowledged. But the devoted, ceaseless, unselfish, and even self-sacrificing exertions of Mr. Minturn, in organizing the Board of Commissioners and in executing the protective benevolent provisions of that law, never can be known; for his generosity and philanthropy are of that nature that conceals from the left hand the good done by the right.

"There was no amount of labour that Mr. Minturn did not cheerfully perform; there were no suggestions of advantage or relief to the emigrants that he did not carry out; there was no suffering that he did not mitigate, and no pestilence that he did not face. In the language of a distinguished divine, who had the best opportunities of knowing what Mr. Minturn was doing, his sympathy for and kindness to the poor and sick emigrant was only equalled by that of the 'Sisters of Charity.'

"Onerous, irksome, and often perilous, as these duties are, Mr. Minturn, but for considerations which he was not at liberty to disregard, would have remained at his post. But he was seriously ill himself last winter. Though measurably restored, quiet and repose are essential to the complete re-establishment of his health. In the opinion of his physicians and his friends, there was great danger from his continuance in the Board of Emigrant Commissioners, and he has finally yielded to their importunities by forwarding his resignation to the Governor."

When he left home for foreign lands he carried with him not only the love of his friends, but letters of introduction from all quarters to many of the philanthrophists, clergy, and statesmen of Europe; and, as he had already many personal friends in England and elsewhere, he did not go as a stranger. Indeed, very few Americans, who have not been sent out in a public capacity, have been so largely introduced, or so generally well-received. The period in which Mr. Minturn went abroad was one marked by great political excitement in Europe. The voyage was delayed some weeks in

consequence of the Chartist movement in England; and when Mr. Minturn arrived there, he found almost all respectable men were sworn in as special policemen, each carrying his little baton in his pocket. Happily, wise legislation has averted, and is averting, those evils that would arise from a too rapid development of democratic principles, by anticipating measures that must be carried out in accordance with the popular will.

It was in the month of May, 1848, that Mr. Minturn, with his wife and sister, six children and servants, sailed for England in the ship Patrick Henry, Captain Delano. This was one of the vessels which had so often before carried invalids, or tired clergymen, or young men broken down by study, sent by Mr. Minturn to recruit their strength by a voyage. He had so frequently done these kindnesses, that the application for them at last became incessant. Sometimes it was for an individual, sometimes for a

family of foreigners, who had come to America in search of what they did not find—*a living*—and were most thankful to be sent back to their homes across the Atlantic.

The spring and early summer of this year were passed in London, in the enjoyment of the most desirable society, in visiting scenes of historical and local interest, and in earnest enquiries as to the working of various schemes of benevolence, the condition of the English church, and all the large questions at that time before the public mind. He was much interested in listening to debates in Parliament on the state and revenue of the church, carefully noting down the facts he gathered. These quotations, from his statistical note-book, though short, may lead us to infer that his practical mind felt how inadequately supplied were the spiritual wants of the people by this enormous outlay of wealth. "Debate in Parliament, Aug. 1st, 1848. Reve-

nue of the church. Four and a half to five millions sterling: being more than the whole revenue of Belgium and Naples, double that of Portugal, equal to the whole revenue of the United States, and more than half that of Prussia."

In social intercourse at the breakfast-table of Sir Robert Inglis, who always extended a genial hospitality to our countrymen and women, and at the house of Mr. Kenyon, an accomplished scholar and poet, and in other social circles, he met many of the most cultivated men of the day.

An evening reception at Lord Palmerston's brought together a number of celebrated personages. Among them the Duke of Wellington. An introduction to him led to a little circumstance of interest. A lady sitting near Mr. Minturn, begged that she also might be introduced; and when presented, she told the Duke that she had when a little child sat upon his knee the evening before the battle of Saragossa. This, of

course, awakened his interest, and gave the opportunity of hearing as well as seeing the old hero to great advantage, as he conversed on the exciting events of that period. Mr. Minturn saw Rogers, then almost sinking into his grave; and Macaulay, equally famous for his eloquent conversation as for his eloquent writing.

In a drawing-room in London, he met the present Emperor of the French, and learned many interesting anecdotes of him from their mutual host, Mr. Joshua Bates. Among others, that Napoleon had prophesied to one of the foreign ministers that within four years he would be on the throne. A few months after this, Mr. Minturn saw the same man elected President of the French, smoking his cigar in a most democratic way in a small English dog-cart under the windows of the Hotel Bristol in Paris. And he was very much amused to find as he travelled down through France, that the ignorant common people were mistaking this

Napoleon for the hero of the first revolution.

Occasional visits to the country, so beautiful always in England, and to some of its grand old country-seats, where centuries of care have brought the trees to perfection, and made the lawns like velvet, brought new interest with almost every day. It is worthy of note that while these houses combine every comfort and every refinement, and afford every advantage for the cultivation of taste and accomplishment, they do not display extravagance in furniture, which to Americans is rather refreshing.

The children of the aristocracy, and of all educated people, are brought up with the greatest simplicity; their nurseries and rooms are plainly furnished, and their food always simple and wholesome. They are not permitted to talk aloud in the presence of their seniors, except at times devoted to play, or recreation. The entire training of

children is almost Spartan, but it, no doubt, teaches an early self-control, which is valuable in the formation of character.

Mr. Minturn was much interested in the shades of difference between the two countries; and while he thoroughly valued and appreciated much that he saw, especially the straightforward honesty which expresses the real sentiments of the speaker, and avoids professions of friendship, unless it can be shown by deeds, yet, he considered that the most distinctive mark of difference between us was the deficiency in England of a sense of brotherhood, that which leads men not only to feel, but to show sympathy for all others. This brotherliness was so eminently a characteristic of his own, that possibly he felt the difference more than others would do, although towards him there was never any lack of cordiality and kindness.

The country life we speak of had a particular attraction for him. He was much

delighted with visits that he paid to the family of one of the old members of the aristocracy, where the head of the household, as each morning came round, met with his family and numerous retinue of servants in the housekeeper's room, and read prayers; and every Sunday evening, not prayers only, but a short sermon or lecture from some text of Scripture, written by himself. This is a pleasant testimony to the benefit of religious education, and the respect for religion in England, which, although it may often rest satisfied with forms, marks a strong feature in the national character. One cannot but believe that the recognition on all public occasions, by government and by all those in power, of their dependence on a Supreme Being, is the greatest bulwark of the national prosperity. Regular attendance upon divine worship, respect for the Sabbath, and for family prayer, are almost universal in all houses of respectability. We would not

dwell on these views, were it not that in our own land, where we are so much more free from forms and ceremonies, it may be feared that in the neglect of forms the spirit of Christianity may suffer.

One of the friends to whom we have alluded above, Mr. Kenyon, drew out a plan of travel in England for Mr. Minturn. This was a timely aid, for with this little chart he managed to make his way readily to every spot of most interest in Great Britain. Wherever he went, kindness was extended; and his observations of men and things, founded on careful enquiry, were always on the increase. He had the useful habit of transferring the most important items to his note-book, and this small book of statistics would be really valuable, were it published, as he gathered some truth from every individual with whom he conversed.

After a visit to the Isle of Wight, where, in the beautiful town of Ryde, he estab-

lished his family for a few weeks, he traversed the southern coast of England, now so much more easy of access by rail than it was at that time by water. In Cornwall he inquired particularly into the habits of the miners, the effect of the mines upon their health, and the age to which they live. He descended one of the oldest and most interesting mines, which was an undertaking of no little risk and effort. In Wales he paid a visit to one of the friends formed in America, and was delighted with the cordial welcome he received, and with the beauty of the wild Welsh scenery. The house, which appeared from its exterior a modest one, was made interesting by a quotation from Horace over the entrance, and by an immense library built in the court.

After this, the manufacturing towns were visited, and it is wonderful with how much detail of commercial interest he made himself acquainted. No spot of romantic or historical lore was left unexplored; Kenil-

worth, Warwick, Chatsworth, Fountain's Abbey, York and its cathedral, Leeds, and the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes. At Windermere he called on the venerable poet Wordsworth, seventy-eight years old. He was very kind, and wished to know if the United States were improving morally and religiously. At Keswick, Mr. Minturn writes: "Sunday, Sep. 17th. Went in the morning to the new church, Mr. Myers, rector. In the evening attended service in the Sunday-school, conducted by Mr. Joseph Stranger, a gentleman of fortune. The services consisted of singing, prayer from the church prayer-book, chanting a Psalm, reading the Psalms for the evening; a lecture; singing a hymn, and concluding with a prayer. Mr. Stranger devotes his whole time to visiting the poor, distributing tracts, and giving pecuniary assistance."

In Edinburgh Mr. Minturn enjoyed much intercourse with intelligent minds. His visit to that city, followed by an extensive

excursion among the beautiful Highlands of Scotland, led him to contrast the misery and wretchedness in the closes of Edinburgh, where ignorance prevailed, with the miles of country owned by a few proprietors, and kept as preserves for game. At that period, 1848, there were 400,000 Celts in the Highlands, speaking the Celtic language. As a curious philological fact, a Frenchwoman, residing there at that time, who could not speak any other language than her own, found fifty Gaelic words which she could understand, and by which she could communicate with the Highlanders.

From Edinburgh Mr. Minturn went to Glasgow, and then to the Scotch lakes, going north through the pass of Glencoe to Oban, from which point he visited Fingal's Cave, and Iona, whose ancient remains of churches and crosses most deeply impressed him. He afterwards passed over to Ireland, landing at Port Rush, which is only fifteen miles from Scotland. The Giant's Cause-

way, with its magnificent natural masonry, excited his admiration.

On the 30th of October, Mr. Minturn went to France; and many facts and observations might be quoted from his note-book, did we not know that not only France, but the whole continent of Europe, is as familiar to Americans as their own land. At Lyons, he was interested in the hospital there, and writes: "It has 1,400 patients, and is attended by 70 Brothers and 200 Sisters of Charity, who are fed and clothed, and receive about forty francs *per annum* besides. The wards are high and well ventilated; the stairs are of stone, and it is altogether a superior establishment. There are wards for pay-patients, where for twenty-five sous a day they have the best accommodation." In travelling, Mr. Minturn's mind was always awake to plans of benevolence; and his notes about the various hospitals he visited, show how anxious he was to carry out for St. Luke's the new

ideas presented to him, regarding arrangements for ventilation, style of building, etc.

In those days, railroads were not so numerous as they now are, and Mr. Minturn greatly enjoyed the more leisurely mode of travelling. Going from Lyons to Valencia by steamboat, he and his party sat in their own carriages during the greater part of the passage. He says, "The river there is as broad as the Hudson between Hyde Park and Albany, but rapid and difficult of navigation, owing to sand-bars and rocks. The villages on the banks are numerous, and they are connected with the opposite sides of the river by beautiful suspension bridges. The sides of the hills are covered with vineyards, and one, the Hermitage, is remarkable for being so situated, that the sun shines upon it nearly the whole day long, which causes the wine to be particularly rich and fine."

Mr. Minturn visited Orange, Avignon, Nismes and Arles, and reached Marseilles

on the 25th of November. From Marseilles he went to Toulon, where the view of the harbour, as seen from Fort Morgue, pleased him much. He says, "The entrance to the port is defended by forts near the edge of the water. These, in 1793, were in possession of the British and Spaniards, and Napoleon Bonaparte gave the first evidence of his military genius by planning a line of forts on the higher parts of the mountains, which commanded those below them, and obliged the English and Spaniards to evacuate them. At the Fort Morgue we saw the apartments in which Abd-el-Kader, the Moorish chief, had been confined, with his family, in all thirty-six persons."

From Toulon he went to Leluc, passing through a very delightful country. His note-book says: "For the first time we see the orange and pomegranate. In one spot. the roadside was lined with rose bushes in full bloom, which were very beautiful. From Leluc we went to Cannes, where

Lord Brougham has a fine country-seat; the house not tasteful, but the situation very agreeable, being directly open to the sea. We rowed to a little island about two miles from Cannes, to see the fortress in which was confined 'The Man with an Iron Mask,' in the reign of Louis XV., and where we saw 150 Arab chiefs, who had been captured at Algiers with Abd-el-Kader. Several of them were intelligent-looking men, of commanding appearance." From Cannes Mr. Minturn proceeded to Nice, remaining there nine days; and thence, passing along the beautiful Cornici road, to Oneglia, the moon shining as bright as day the latter half of the distance. The road from Oneglia to Savona borders the Alps, directly on the shores of the Mediterranean. On the 13th of December, Mr. Minturn reached Genoa, and remained there a week, visiting the spacious palaces and fine old churches, which rival any in Italy. True to his character, the longest note in his little book

relates to the charitable institutions of Genoa. "The Albergo di Poveri is a great almshouse, admirably situated, and well arranged with airy dormitories, and iron bedsteads, clean, and as well kept as any establishment I have ever seen. It was founded by E. Brignoli, and afterwards received large endowments from others, so that it is now able to support nearly 1,800 poor within its walls. They are employed in weaving and lace-making. There is also a fine hospital by Bartolomeo del Bosco, which has 1,000 beds, and supports 3,000 foundlings. And there is an admirably constructed institution for deaf and dumb, and an orphan asylum. The Bank of St. George, now the Custom-House, is surrounded in the interior with statues of citizens who had distinguished themselves by their benevolence; and I have seen no place which shows such evidence of wealth acquired by commerce, and of the application of it to such splendid charities. The people are very democratic,

and I think will rapidly improve their condition. The Catholic clergy have lost their hold upon them, and to regain it, I have no doubt they will see the necessity of reforming the abuses of their system. Fourteen societies of monks have applied to the government to be released from their vows, that they may enter some useful secular pursuit."

From this ancient and interesting city, Mr. Minturn went to Spezzia, Carraro, Pisa, and reached Florence on the 22d of December. On Christmas day he heard the Rev. Dr. Wainwright preach. A fortnight was spent at Florence, in examining every thing worth seeing. While there, he had an interesting conversation with Forcé. "He informed me," says Mr. Minturn, "that the Roman Catholic priests in Genoa had united for the purpose of effecting reforms in the Church; and that they require prayers to be read in Italian, and that the vow of celibacy should be done away. He says that the clergy in other parts of Italy will unite

in the movement, and that the young men now coming up will enter earnestly into its advocacy. He further told me, that very few of the clergy ever read the Bible, and none scarcely of the laity. He also represents that the policy of the Church has been to employ only the least learned and intelligent priests, who would sustain all the superstitions of the system."

From Florence he went to Arezzo, Perugia, and Spoleto, where he saw "the Roman aqueduct crossing a deep valley, and appearing as perfect as it was two thousand years ago. The road leads through a high pass of the mountain, affording very beautiful scenery. On reaching the top, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, the valley below was filled with mist, and had all the appearance of a beautiful lake. The road from Spoleto is the ancient Flaminian way, and we passed on the side near Dorghetto, a Roman tomb of white marble, about ten feet square, which is still entirely perfect."

On the 8th of January, 1849, Mr. Minturn reached Rome. Besides the usual investigations of ancient ruins, churches, picture-galleries, etc., he made earnest enquiries about useful and charitable institutions.

"I have been interested," he says, "in seeing all over Rome signs of schools, and should infer that there was very extensive provision for the education of the young. I saw, on the way from Perugia, signs of 'night-schools;' and I find, on inquiry, that they are established in all the Roman States, and intended for adults." The Propaganda College was a subject of lively interest. "It contains," he says, "ninety boys, from thirty-two different countries. There are Chinese, Armenian, Brahmin, and one from New Zealand. They are educated here, and sent back as missionaries. The income of the Propaganda is about £20,000. The boys are divided into separate classes, each under a prefect, who is an elder scholar. They are

allowed only an hour and a half daily for exercise, and then each class goes out with its prefect. At other times leave to go out is rarely granted, and there must always be not less than five boys together. They study very hard. In the library I found two hundred and fifty large volumes of Chinese books; the general history of the empire; political history; civil law; biography; philosophy; the way to immortality, by various authors; also twenty volumes on versification and the modulation of the voice."

While in Rome, Mr. Minturn was introduced to Dr. Cullen, the present Cardinal of Ireland. He and the Rev. Dr. Kirby were extremely attentive and kind to Mr. Minturn's family, when he was absent from them travelling in the East.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Minturn, in company with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, left Rome on the morning of the 21st of January, and passing through Naples, and the islands of Baia, Puzzeoli, Capri, Stromboli and Sicily, they reached Malta on the 26th, and embarked from Civita Vecchia the next day for Alexandria.

Mr. Minturn kept a minute journal of his Eastern tour, and we shall avail ourselves of his notes from the day he entered Alexandria. "*February 1st*: Entered the harbour of Alexandria at eleven o'clock. It is an open roadstead with bars at the mouth; and, passages through the shoals being narrow, the entrance is so

difficult that vessels never attempt it at night. The city has a very oriental appearance; streets filled with Arabs, Egyptians, and Ethiopians, and all burdens carried by camels.

"It is strongly fortified and is situated upon a narrow peninsula, having the sea on one side and Lake Mareotis on the other. This ancient lake had been drained, and the bed of it was extremely fertile, but the English army cut an entrance to the sea and filled it with water to defeat the plans of Napoleon, by which means a country of seventy miles extent was lost for cultivation. There was a large number of merchant ships in the harbour; the commerce of the city has doubled since Mahomet Ali ascended the throne, the exports being now two million pounds sterling, when formerly they were only one. There were also several ships of the line, frigates, and sloops of war; good-looking vessels, built under direction of

French builders. They have now Egyptians who are so trained as to be able to build ships. The navy-yard is a wonder, having a substantial dry-dock and all the appliances for building ships of war, of which there are several on the stocks."

From Cairo he writes: "*February 4th.* This is the conclusion of the festival in honour of the birth of Mahomet; and the wide avenue adjoining the public garden is covered on both sides with tents, and a frame-work is erected in the centre to suspend lamps for an illumination. We had been there last evening, and found the avenue crowded with people, and the tents filled with men dancing and throwing themselves up and down and sideways, with great enthusiasm, being arranged in rows around the inside of the tents, while two or three readers chanted to them verses of the Koran. The scene reminded me of the Shakers. This morning it was announced that the annual procession of the high priests, walk-

ing over the bodies of the faithful on horseback, would take place in the avenue; we, accordingly, took positions to see it, although my feelings revolted so strongly that I could scarcely reconcile myself to being one of the spectators. At one o'clock we heard the sound of drums, and presently a band appeared coming from one of the mosques, preceded by numerous banners, and then followed a procession of men, singing the Koran, and throwing themselves about in the most excited manner. Upon a signal, these threw themselves down flat on the ground as close together as they could lie, and immediately came the priest, a very large man, riding on a full-sized horse, which was guided by a number of grooms, and made to step with a deliberate walk directly over the bodies of the men. It was a horrible sight, and the priest looked as if he were aware of it, as he kept his eyes closed, beating his breast, and repeating verses in Arabic. The num-

ber of persons desirous of an opportunity to be thus trodden upon exceeded the space allotted to them, and I saw several dragged out, and with difficulty prevented from rolling again into the ranks. The row of bodies walked over was perhaps one hundred and fifty yards long. I should have mentioned that before the horse stepped upon them, several men did so, which prepared them somewhat for the iron shoes of the horse; and the high religious frenzy they were in prevented their feeling it as much as we might have expected. When the priest had passed, they rose up, many staggering and throwing themselves about like drunkards; while others gave silent evidence of the pain they were enduring, and were led off by their friends. I heard that two had died of their bruises, and that another was very ill. It was a most melancholy exhibition of the degraded condition of the people that such a transaction could be permitted. As soon as the procession

was ended, the avenue was filled with the moving crowd, and the tents with persons sitting in rows and singing the Koran."

As a pleasing contrast to this barbarous heathen custom, is recorded the fact—"There is a mission here of the London Church Missionary Society, and a service is held every Sunday morning. The congregation consisted, with but two or three exceptions, of travellers, and amounted to thirty-eight persons, of whom one-half partook of the sacrament of our blessed Saviour's body and blood. The services were very interesting, the sermon excellent, and it was a very refreshing privilege in this heathen land."

Of the judicial customs, Mr. Mintum records—"Our invaluable privilege of trial by jury in America, is entirely unknown here and there is very little regard for justice. If a charge is made against a poor man, which he is not able to refute immedi-

ately, he is at once sent off to the bastinado, which punishment consists of flogging on the soles of the feet. Debtors who are unable to pay are imprisoned. From the civil courts we went to the slave mart, which is a house in the city, with an open court, and small rooms, in which we saw ten or twelve Nubian girls, very black, with their hair plaited and greased, and nothing but a dirty, loose wrapper over them. They were, however, modest, and disposed to recede from us, but came forward with the hope of receiving '*backsheesh.*' One was an Abyssinian, of much lighter complexion, and more intelligent, than the others; she was held for eighteen pounds, while the others were offered for fifteen each. There was no expression of sadness about them, and they jumped for joy when I proposed to purchase them. They said they had been stolen from their homes, and expressed a desire to return to them. In another part of the building we saw a number of boys—all Nubians—very

black, with short, curly hair, looking very much like our negroes in America."

While at Cairo, Mr. Minturn visited Dr Abbot's museum, and says: "It contains many most interesting specimens of Egyptian antiquities. Among the most so are these: a ring with the hieroglyphic of Cheops, the founder of the great pyramid; a necklace with the name of Menes, who flourished 2300 B. C.; a drinking cup of the time of Abraham, another of the time of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and a helmet and breastplate, with hieroglyphics, dated 790 B. C. It was by the discovery of a stone at Rosetta, having on it an inscription in Greek, repeated in hieroglyphics and written letters, that a key is obtained for the interpretation of the inscriptions, and has opened to us most of the knowledge we possess of the history of Egypt, as recorded on the monuments."

"*February* 11*th*, *Sunday*.—This day attended service at the church of Dr. Leider,

and greatly enjoyed the opportunity of worshipping with our excellent liturgy, and the good sermon which followed. The Mohammedans do not recognize our Sabbath, and all manner of work goes on as usual, except with the Copts and other Christians. Friday is the day of rest and worship with the Mohammedans, but the shops were open, and there was as much apparent activity on that day as any other; and on my repeated visits to the mosques, I found very few worshippers in them."

In describing the oldest mosque in Cairo, the mosque of Tyloon, he says: "It is very spacious—an immense open square surrounded by colonnades; that one on the east side having five rows of columns, supporting pointed arches, showing that the arch was used here nearly three centuries before it was known in England. It had four minarets, and the staircase of one winds on the outside. We noticed a beautiful effect produced by windows of clay,

formed into small diamond and other patterns. The divisions being thick and deep, the light was softened, and the appearance quite as good as stained glass. I intend to have a pattern of them to carry to America, thinking them extremely well adapted for churches."

Feb. 14th, he writes: "I never remember a day of more interest; but how shall I describe these pyramids, the grandest and the oldest of the works of man? Nothing can be more imposing than these artificial mountains, rising out of the solitude of the desert. They are only six miles from Cairo, and are seen for a distance of twenty-five miles." These have been so often described that we will not quote the dates, measurements, and historical facts our traveller faithfully records.

"*February* 15*th.*—We commenced our voyage up the Nile. We passed a raft of water-pots from Upper Egypt; and in the absence of plank to make oars, they substi-

tuted boughs of trees, the smaller branches at the end being bound together to form paddles."

"*February* 18*th*.—This morning we had the gratification of seeing a vessel come down the stream with the American ensign flying. We immediately hoisted ours, when a boat put off bearing the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of New York, and Mr. Pratt, of Prattsville, on their return from Thebes to Cairo. It being Sunday, Dr. Wainwright and myself joined in reading the service for the day, and in a fervent prayer for our dear families and friends.

"As we sail along the shore, we see the women everywhere coming down to the edge of the river to fill their water-pots, and it is surprising to notice their skill in raising and carrying them on the top of their heads. They contain four to five gallons of water and are themselves quite heavy; but the women walk off with them poised on their heads without being touched by their hands."

The following extract shows that practicalness which made Mr. Minturn so valuable in every emergency that might arise: "The wind was strong from the north-west, and the air so filled with sand from the desert, that we could see but a short distance ahead. The reis ordered both sails to be furled, and the boat put before the wind under bare poles. Not liking to lose so fine a wind, I took the awning, and made a *square sail*, which worked extremely well, and elicited the applause of the captain and crew. They appeared to have had no idea of a square sail before this; nor have they any arrangement to shorten sail by reefing or otherwise, and as their boats are flat, and have no leeboards, they cannot beat to windwards."

"*February* 20*th*.—Passed Gebel-e-Seyr, where the rocky chain of the Arabian mountains runs directly along the shore of the river, and is as perpendicular as our Palisades. The side was covered with ducks, which appear to roost there; and on the

summit is a convent of Copts, whose elevated position enables them to espy the approach of passenger boats, when one of them swims off to ask alms. As we approached under full sail, the man ran along the shore, and the dragoman having told him to swim off, he threw his mantle on the ground, and swam to the boat with great rapidity. I gave him as much money as he could carry in his mouth, when the Arab boatman ordered him to leave; but as he did not move immediately, one of them pitched him overboard, when he swam off to board another vessel astern, and from thence he made for the opposite shore, about a quarter of a mile distant, with a strong current, and holding in his hand a cap which the dragoman had given him, and which he wished to keep dry.

"There is quite a large population of Copts in Egypt, and they have several convents on the river, and two (St. Paul and St. Anthony) in the desert near the Red

Sea. Their system is somewhat like the Roman Catholic, but they are excessively ignorant, superstitious and degraded; and with such an exhibition as they make of Christianity, there is no wonder that it is despised by the Mohammedans."

Mr. Minturn's early habit of caring for the sick was brought into exercise, as we find from this extract: "On looking into the small boat, which floats astern of us, a few days since, I saw a bundle of clothes, as I thought, and enquired what they were; when I learnt that it was one of the crew, who had lain there sick for two days and nights. He came on board the large boat, when we put him under deck, and gave him some medicine, followed by tea and soup. Under this treatment he is recovering, and expresses much gratitude, saying that he would have been left to die, if we had not cared for him. The captain and the sailors appear to be entirely indifferent to him. Everything that one sees in this country,

leads to the belief that the influence of Mohammedanism serves to increase, rather than to check, the sensuality and selfishness of our natures.

"As we were sailing along, one of the sails was taken aback by the wind, which the crew ascribed to the influence of an evil eye upon it, and to prevent its recurrence, the captain struck a knife in the mast, which they fancy is a charm against such mishaps."

"*February 24th.*—This morning we saw the first crocodile. It was not over six feet long, and lay asleep on a sand-bank; nor was he aroused, although we passed quite near him. The sick-sack abound here, and the Arabs have a pretty story in connection with this very pretty bird. They say that it is a great friend of the crocodile, and warns him of the approach of an enemy. When he lays asleep with his mouth open, leeches lodge on his tongue, which the sick-sack, entering, destroys. But sometimes the

crocodile, not being aware of the presence of his friend, shuts his mouth, and thus confines it; however, by the means of small horns on the tip of its wing, the crocodile is apprised of the wrong, opens his mouth, and the bird escapes. Dr. Wainwright shot one a few days since. It was about the size of a pigeon, with white, black and drab feathers prettily intermixed."

Another entry, on the same day, is to the following effect: "We have made a run of nearly fifty miles to-day—the best since we started—all which has been gained by our sending Achmet" (their courier) "to Assiout, and avoiding the usual detention there of twenty-four hours. Achmet says such a thing was never done in Egypt before, and that he shall not forget the American lesson which we gave him."

"*February* 25*th.*—We passed a boat loaded with slaves from Nubia, bound to Cairo for a market. We knew them to be slaves by their colour being much darker than the

Egyptian, and their hair being braided. They were all from ten to fifteen years of age, and there were probably seventy to eighty of them. They looked bright and unconcerned, but who can tell their grief, separated from parents and country, and subject to the passions of the most unprincipled masters."

"*February 26th.*—At 10 o'clock, passed Farshiout, and its extensive steam machinery, belonging to the Pacha, for grinding sugar cane. Near it I counted fifteen pigeon houses, which were as large, and much better looking, than the dwellings of the inhabitants of the village. Pigeons abound in all the villages, and they have houses expressly for them, or little mud elevations for them on the top of their huts.

"I am surprised not to see any variety of trees in Egypt. They have to import from Europe most of the wood that is used. Charcoal is made from the acacia, which is the only tree we see, except the palm."

They arrived at Thebes on the 27th, after a voyage of twelve days, which was remarkably rapid travelling—almost unparallelled. 'The Libyan mountains here come within about five miles of the river. They are composed of light-coloured rocks, without the least vegetation; and in a wild and secluded ravine are situated the tombs of many of the Egyptian kings. It seemed impossible that in so dreary and rough a spot—a mountain in a desert, without a human habitation near it—there could be such splendid courts and passages as were described to exist there; but on entering that opened by Belzoni, which was the first we visited, we found its magnificence quite equal to any description we had read. The entrance to this, and to all the other tombs of the kings, is by a very moderate-sized and unpretending doorway, with a few hieroglyphics around it. You first descend by a steep stairway, cut out of the rock, twenty-four feet, and enter a passage eight-

cen long by nine wide, when a door leads to a second descending stair of twenty-five feet, beyond which is a chamber, formerly closed on all sides, and which appeared to be the end of the tomb; but a hollow sound of the wall on being struck, led Belzoni to believe there were chambers beyond it, and having broken through the wall, he had the gratification of finding a series of chambers of greater beauty than any that have yet been discovered.

"The next tomb we entered is called 'The Harpers,' from there being upon it representations of persons playing on an instrument precisely like the harp. This tomb enters four hundred feet into the rock by a gallery connecting several walls, and has besides a number of side chambers.

"Leaving this abode of the mighty dead, we ascended the summit of the mountain and had a view of unspeakable beauty and interest. On one side was the naked, lifeless mountain, in whose gorge were the

tombs we had just visited; and before us was the beautiful valley of the Nile, which is very wide here, with the temples of Medinet Haboo, the Memnonium, the two colossi, the temple of Koorneh on the west side, and opposite the mighty ruins of Luxor and Karnac. The mountains, too, on the Arabian side, are here quite peculiar, as they no longer bound the river at a height nearly uniform, but recede from the bank, and become depressed, so as to have the appearance of hills, rising again at the south in irregular, broken peaks. No other spot on earth can present a view combining such mighty remains of ancient architecture, and such beautiful landscape and water views."

On the 28th February, Mr. Minturn visited the old temple of Koorneh, and a number of the tombs of Orzaseef, and he says: "One of these, the tomb of a priest, built in the 7th century before our Saviour, is remarkable for its immense extent, the

length of its passages being 862 feet, and the excavation equal to 23,000 cubic feet of stone. Many of the passages are at a considerable descent from the surface, and are, of course, very dark, and are filled with bats, who flew around me in such numbers as to extinguish my candle; the odor they impart to the tomb caused me to be glad to escape from it as soon as possible. It is hardly credible that a tomb of such extent could be prepared for one individual; yet, such is the inference from the hieroglyphics, and, although not equal in its decorations to the tombs of the kings, it is more extensive than either of them.

"On some of the tombs are processions with representations of the supposed career of the proprietor after death; and it is stated by those who have studied the hieroglyphics carefully, that the idea of future rewards and punishments, and of the resurrection, are plainly portrayed.

"We also visited to-day (the 28th) the

Memnonium, as it is called, but which in reality was the palace and temple of the great Sesostris, whose statue, which lies broken near the wall of the temple, is one of the great wonders of Egypt, both from its size and beauty of execution, and from the marvel how such a mass of stone could have been broken without the aid of gunpowder, or of the wedge, of which no marks appear. It was one block of beautiful red granite, seventy feet high, and twenty-two feet across the shoulders; and was brought from a distance of one hundred and twenty miles up the Nile. Solid as this mass was, it now lies so broken to pieces, that the form of the arms and bust alone are perfect. It weighed about eight hundred tons, while the obelisk at Paris, which the French removed with so much difficulty, weighed only two hundred and forty tons.

"A large proportion of the pillars which decorated the interior of the temple have

fallen, but the sculptures on the walls are very spirited, and represent the conquests of Sesostris over several nations, and his return to present his captives and spoils to the gods. One chamber, whose roof remains, and is covered with astronomical figures, is said to have contained the books of Thoth, and as Sesostris built this temple 1350 years before our era, this is the oldest library of which we have any knowledge. On the wall of this room the king is represented sitting under, and overshadowed by the tree of life; while two gods, Amnon and Thoth, write his name on the leaves."

That reverence and piety which were such marked traits of Mr. Minturn's character, leading him constantly to behold and acknowledge the Almighty power of God, are very visible in this record of his Eastern tour.

"*March 1st*—This morning we went to see Luxor, which is the modern name of Thebes, and signifies *the palaces*. Of its

former glory little now remains besides a great pyramidal tower and two rows of noble columns. One beautiful obelisk stands solitary at its front, its mate being removed to Paris; and the colossal statues, which guarded each side of its doorway, are now so buried in sand, that the tops of their heads can alone be seen. From this temple an avenue, guarded on each side by sphynxes, facing each other, extended to the great temple of Karnac, a distance of one mile and a half. Multitudes of these sphynxes now remain, all being in a sitting posture, with bodies as large as a horse, but not one can be found with its head on, which, with the destruction of the temple, is ascribed to the power of the Persians under Cambyses. They conquered Egypt about 500 B. C., and the motive for the immense labor which they expended in breaking up this and the other temples and statues at Thebes, is ascribed to their vengeance at the lengthened resistance of the

city; but I have felt more disposed to regard it as the instrument of God in breaking up these renowned altars of a false worship.

"I could not repress a feeling of sadness in contemplating the ruin of this, the greatest temple that man has ever erected, but it was silenced by the consideration that it was devoted to the impious worship of deities of human creation; and that its fine architecture, instead of being an evidence of the civilization of the people, is only proof of the high attainments of the priests, who, it is well known, monopolized all the learning of the country, while the monarchs drained the people of their substance, for the erection of splendid edifices to perpetuate their own fame and gratify the ambition of the priests. The whole soil of the country was possessed by the church and the state, and there is no reason to believe that the people were in any less degraded and impoverished condition than they now are.

"In the morning, before visiting Karnac, we called to pay our respects to the governor of Upper Egypt, who happened to be at Thebes in the course of a tour to the several towns of his district. He received us very courteously, sitting on a divan, with a number of attendants, and immediately had coffee and pipes presented to us, and, on our rising to take leave, he informed us that he had directed two of his horses to be brought out for our use, and that they were at our service as long as we wished them. We could not refuse so polite an offer, and, on reaching the door, we found two beautiful Arabian steeds, with Turkish saddles, pistols in the holsters, and two grooms to attend us, which we were very willing to exchange for our donkeys; and, in order to reciprocate the governor's politeness, we sent our dragoman to invite him to dine with us on board our boats. Accordingly, at six o'clock he made his appearance, bringing with him a Bedouin

Sheik, and two other persons in Turkish dress connected with the government."

"*March* 2.—This morning a message came from one of our guests of yesterday, inviting us to dine with him." A busy day was passed in visiting and revisiting the ruined temples and palaces, and the two colossal statues, that had before interested them. "Soon after our return to the boat, a messenger arrived from Ali Ega, the gentleman we were to dine with, to say that dinner was ready, which reminded me of the parable of our Saviour, recorded in the 14th chapter of St. Luke, 'And he sent his servant at supper-time to say to them which were bidden, come, for all things are now ready.' It is one of the many instances in which we find illustrations of the Scripture in the habits of this country. Immediately on our arrival, our host left us to go to the governor, who soon made his appearance, attended by quite a suite of servants, soldiers and followers, and then came with him the

former governor and another gentleman in Turkish dress. For our sakes the dinner was prepared in European style, which I regretted, as no doubt did the other guests, as the natives appeared to relish as little our dishes and knives and forks, as they did the day previous, and very soon laid them down to take up pipes and segars. Soon after the repast commenced, men were brought in with musical instruments, upon which they played, and three of the singing girls of the village were soon after introduced, who sang and danced, greatly to the amusement of our Turkish friends."

"The governor was again very polite, saying to our dragoman that he wished to converse with us; and that, as he had been forty years in Egypt, he could probably give us any information we might desire. Among other questions, I asked him whether many slaves were now brought into Egypt from Nubia; from which he inferred that I wished to obtain one,

and replied that there were but few here now, the Pasha having taken thirty within a few days; but that if I wished a boy or girl, he would with pleasure send me one. This, Achmet said, was intended for a present, for the offer of which I thanked him."

To those who know that a most intense horror of slavery was one of Mr. Minturn's vital characteristics, this anecdote is not a little amusing.

The next day they paid their last visit to Karnac, and its surrounding objects of interest. "After making a thorough survey of the whole, we took a last look at the two beautiful obelisks, which will always be uppermost in my mind in the thought of Karnac, one of which is particularly interesting as a record of filial love, it having been erected nearly 3,500 years ago, by Amensi, to the memory of her father, Iothmes the first; and yet it looks as fresh, and the sculpture as perfect, as if just finished. I should

remark, before leaving, that the village of modern Thebes is very insignificant—a collection of huts of unburnt bricks; and on the west side of the river, which formerly was probably the most populous, almost the only habitations at present are the tombs' which are occupied by a few miserable Arabs. Most truly has the Almighty '*executed judgment on all the gods of Egypt.*' The multitude of No has been cut off; Pathros is desolate, and '*the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations.*' Ezekiel xxix 15."

Leaving this interesting spot, the end of their voyage, they retraced their way to "Keneh," and crossing the river, visited the celebrated temple of "Dendera;" and on the 6th of March, found themselves again at Farshiout. They now went over the large establishment of the Pasha for crushing sugar cane, "which," Mr. Minturn writes, "is growing in great quantities upon the extensive estates of Ibrahim Pasha, in this

vicinity. The machinery is in charge of Mr. Fox, an Englishman, and the refinery is attended to by a Frenchman. This establishment employs a great number of persons, and the description Mr. Fox gave us of the system pursued towards them, is a striking illustration of the barbarous despotism of this government, and of the degraded condition of the people. He says that the labourers are all pressed into the service from the surrounding villages, and made to work for 20 to 25 paras a day, which is equal to $2\frac{1}{4}$ or $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents of our money, and full-grown boys have 15 paras, which is not paid in currency, but in molasses or other unsalable merchandize, and not given at the time the work is done, but a month or two afterward; so that the poor labourers generally sell the claims, realizing only about half the pittance which was promised to them. For the convenience of the persons who are charged to bring up the labourers from the villages, they have to work

fourteen hours without any intermission for sleep; and their food, which consists only of coarse bread, brought with them, they have to eat as they work. They are superintended by the white Circassian slaves of the Pasha, who stand over them with whips in their hands, which I saw freely used the little time that I remained there; and all around the grounds were sentinels, to prevent the men running away; and as an additional precaution in this respect, those whom they suspected of a desire to escape, had wooden clogs fastened to their legs. Mr. Fox assured us that there would be no difficulty in having plenty of voluntary labourers, if they would only pay them the most moderate remuneration for their labour. He stated that Ibrahim Pasha had passed a fortnight at the factory, when it was first put into operation, passing a large portion of the night in the mill, to see that it went on properly. On one occasion, when he was there, Mr. Fox discovered that a man

had been caught in the machinery and was killed, upon which he stopped it to extricate the body. The Pasha inquired the cause of the stoppage; and being informed, said that was of no consequence, and ordered the mill to be set in motion immediately. He is described as having been excessively avaricious, and, although more wealthy than his father, and, indeed, the chief proprietor of Egypt, was discontented, because, as he said, he found in England men no older than himself much richer than he. Miserable wretch! he has gone to his last account, having died a few months since, and is succeeded by his nephew, Abbas Pasha. His system is, however, continued by his executors; and Mr. Fox informed us that his lands are cultivated in the same manner that his factory is worked.

"This is only one of the many evidences I have seen that the present government of Egypt, although it has excited the ad-

miration of Europe by its introduction of machinery and steam-boats, giving facilities for the transit of travellers, and organizing a powerful army and navy, has not done anything towards ameliorating the condition of the people, but, on the contrary, they are now more oppressed and poor than ever. Nothing can exceed their ignorance and the wretchedness of their hovels; and every man I meet has an eye put out, a finger cut off, or some bodily mutilation in hope of escaping conscription for the army. In the boat in which we crossed the river from the sugar factory, were eight men, seven of whom had a finger cut off; and in another boat which followed, were eleven, all of whom, but one, were maimed in the same manner. The people are extremely docile and willing to work hard, for the smallest pay and scantiest fare; and the fertility of the soil cannot be exceeded, but it is miserably cultivated, as might be expected, under the baneful system of ab-

senteeism and oppression which is carried on here."

Another entry, dated March 11th, at Beni Hassen, gives similar testimony to the ill-usage and scanty fare of the Arab sailors. Mr. Minturn writes: "I am confident that injustice is done to these Arabs by those who call them lazy, and that it is only necessary to present the hope of reward, and that in a very moderate degree, to obtain the greatest amount of exertion and self-denial. Their food is chiefly hard bread, and occasionally beans, except when we treat them to mutton. They have to pick up fuel as they can on the shore and prepare their own meals, which they always despatch in ten or fifteen minutes; they sleep on the deck of the boat, wrapped up in cloaks, unless the shore is sandy, when they prefer making their beds there. Besides the toil which they undergo and the miserable wages they receive (being only about fifty piastres, or two dollars and twenty-five

cents a month, finding themselves) they are constantly liable to be seized for the army, navy, or the boats of any Pasha or Bey who may need sailors. An illustration of their exposure in this respect occurred while we were at Girzeh, where one of our men having gone on shore, was seized and dragged on board the boat of some Turkish officer. As soon as we were informed of the circumstance we started in pursuit, determined to assert the right of the flag of our country to protect the persons in our employ, but before we had proceeded far, we were met by our dragoman, who informed us that the man had been liberated upon his representing that he belonged to a traveller's boat; but for that he would have been kept as long as the Turk needed his service, and then turned adrift without any pay, and left to find his way home as best he could. Nothing can exceed the disregard of this government to the rights and welfare of the people. Its policy is per-

fectly selfish and heartless, and directed entirely to gratifying the ambition and increasing the wealth of the reigning family."

The object of our travellers in stopping at Beni Hassen was to visit the tombs near this desolated village. They "are the most ancient of the kind in Egypt, having been built in the reign of the Pharaoh of Joseph, seventeen centuries B. C. A great advantage," Mr. Minturn says, "in viewing these tombs over all others, is that not being sunk in the rock, they are perfectly light. It is like passing from the street into the chamber of a dwelling-house, the door being open and admitting as much light as can be desired.

"On one of the walls there is a drawing of a house, probably the only existing representation of a dwelling of that period. It has two stories, with three windows in the side below, and two above, part of the upper story being taken for an open platform, and very much resembling a modern house

in which we dined at Thebes. The stairs are on the outside, and some men are ascending them with sacks on their heads, while the master of the house stands on the platform to receive them. I cannot express the delight with which I examined the representation of the social life of this ancient people as depicted on the walls of Beni Hassen. The illustrations are so clear that they cannot be mistaken; and I could fancy myself sitting in a company of people three thousand five hundred years ago, while they were engaged in their trades, their agriculture, and their amusements."

"*March 12th.* At eleven o'clock we came to Gebel-e-Seyr, where the perpendicular sides of the Arabian mountains form the boundary of the river, and on the summit of one stands a Coptic monastery. We soon saw the inmates collecting on the crest of the mountain overlooking the river, and immediately three of them threw off their mantles, and, running with wonderful rapid-

ity down the precipitous sides of the mountain, they plunged into the water and swam to our boat. Although not well pleased to see Christians exhibit themselves in this manner before Mahometans, we gave them a sum of money in consideration of the hospitality which they practice to wayfaring men who pass the monastery. One of them wanted an empty bottle, which we gave him, when discovering that it had contained spirits he kept himself afloat near the boat a long time, begging by motions of his hand and mouth that we would give him a taste! It was surprising to see the ease with which he kept himself afloat, frequently holding both hands out of the water.

"Soon after leaving them we passed an immense flight of locusts, proceeding in a compact body and filling the air as far as we could see. They are much like those I have seen in America, and the Arabs eat all that fall in their way. They are no doubt such as formed the food of John the Bap-

tist, when in the wilderness he lived on locusts and wild honey. When they come early in the season they are very destructive to the young wheat. Their flight is from the South, following the Nile to the North."

On the 14th they came in sight of Cairo, and the next few days were passed in revisiting its environs and in making preparations for crossing the Desert to visit the Holy Land.

"*March* 21*st.* Leaving Cairo, we stopped at the mosque of El Gohree, which was erected in the eleventh century, and has some Cufic inscriptions, and then proceeded to Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, and which was the Oxford of Egypt. Being one of the cities doomed to destruction for its idolatry, nothing now remains, even to show its site, but one noble obelisk, which was erected in the reign of the Pharaoh of Joseph's time. It is now buried several feet in the ground, but it is entirely perfect and

the deep sculptures in its side as clear as when made, except that they are the homes of innumerable bees who have filled most of them with honey. It stands alone in a garden belonging to an Armenian, and there are no other remains of this celebrated city except extensive mounds of brick and broken pottery. It was here that Joseph married the daughter of the priest of On, and where Moses was taught in all the learning of the Egyptians. It was also here that Plato studied, and in the time of Strabo the house was shown in which he resided thirteen years.

"The balsam or 'balm of Gilead' was brought into Egypt from Judea by Cleopatra, and for a long time was cultivated at Heliopolis, but it is no longer found there. Near this place is shown a sycamore tree, very old and large (about twenty feet in circumference), under which, tradition states, the Holy Family rested on their flight into Egypt."

"*March 23rd.* At our encampment we were joined by a party of six natives of Punjab, India, who had been to Mecca, and are now on the way to Jerusalem, that being also regarded by the Moslems as a very holy place. One of them is an old man with a white beard and sandals on his feet; leaning on a staff he has quite a patriarchal appearance. They walk quite as fast as our camels, and want to keep company with us; at night they collect shrubs, and make a little fire and lie around it. Their bed is the sand, and they have no covering but the clothes they travel in; their only baggage is a jar of water and a little bread. They are very poor, and have walked all the way from India and expect to walk back."

"*Sunday, 25th March.* Rose early and started at half-past seven o'clock. We read the morning service on our camels. The route was over hills of soft sand, and in the valleys were occasionally clumps of date

trees. At three o'clock we reached Catiek, where is a well about fifteen feet deep, with a large trough built by Ibrahim Pasha for his army, and where we watered our camels. They had not had any water for six days, and drank nearly two gallons each. In winter they can go eight days without water, and in summer, three."

"*March 26th.* Our Arabs baked some bread to-day, using flour and water and laying the cake over coals on the sand. It is their only food, and it is surprising how little suffices them. They sleep on the ground without any covering, with a dew upon them so heavy that it drops off our tent in the morning, and the cloth is constantly wet. They turn out before daylight in the morning, but eat nothing until about nine o'clock, when they take a piece of bread, not much larger or thicker than a sea-biscuit, and go on walking steadily till near sunset without any additional food until the camels are taken care of after dark,

when they have another piece of bread each. Our progress is about twenty-six miles a day, which they make cheerfully on foot. One of them, Abdallah, is quite a wag, and gives us much amusement. He complained this evening of sore feet, when I offered him a pair of French shoes, which he looked at but laid down, saying that everybody who saw them would know they had been given to him, but that if I would buy a pair for him at Gaza, he would be glad."

"*April* 1*st.* The first of Passion-week. The Rev. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Pratt, our two American companions, joined us to-day in the impressive services of the church, but the quarantine regulations would not admit of our English friends meeting with us. I trust the contemplation of the great humiliation and sufferings of our blessed Redeemer on the spot which witnessed his agony, will deepen my appreciation of this inestimable sacrifice, with renewed resolution to strive so to walk hereafter, that his death on

the cross on my behalf may not have been in vain."

"*April 5th.* Left our encampment at five o'clock, on horses, and after two or three hours we joined the road from Ramla to Jerusalem. Soon after starting we found ourselves among small hills, and at nine o'clock we began to enter the mountain passes—the range which lies between the Jordan and the Mediterranean and forms the 'hill country of Judea.' The road lay the whole remaining distance through these mountains, none of which rise very much above others, but have a succession of rounded tops, and there is a gradual rise to the summit level on which Jerusalem is situated. The road, which is the greatest highway in Syria, is a mere path for mules and camels, extremely rough and sometimes so steep that we thought it more prudent to dismount and walk. There is not a carriage road in Syria, and it is doubtful if a single vehicle of that description is pos-

sessed in the whole country. On several of the mountain-tops, villages are seen, giving an illustration of the parable 'of a city set on a hill.'

"We saw the Mount of Olives, with the Church of the Ascension on its summit, and soon after the Holy City came in full view, with the mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan in the distance. Within a quarter of an hour we were under the walls, which look formidable and entirely enclose the city, and, being in good repair, they do not give you the impression of great antiquity, and you feel as if you were entering a modern city. We entered the Jaffa gate through a massive tower, probably of the times of the Crusaders, and soon found ourselves in very narrow streets. We went to the hotel of Mr. M——, a converted Jew, where we found very good accommodations.

"It being the eve of Good Friday, we took a guide and went to the outskirts of the city, beyond St. Stephen's gate, and had

in full view the brook of Cedron, over which our Saviour passed to the garden of Gethsemane, which lies near to it, at the foot of the mount of Olives.

"The spot is marked by a wall enclosing a number of ancient olive trees; and there is no question, from the Scripture description of the garden, being 'over the brook Cedron,' and 'on the mount of Olives,' that it was here our Saviour 'sweat great drops of blood,' and endured the bitter agonies of our redemption.

"*April 6th.*—Good Friday. We went to the wailing place of the Jews. It is part of the foundation wall which supports the side of the mount Moriah, on which stood the temple. The stones are of immense size, and look as if they might have remained there from the time of Solomon; and if not then in their present position, they are undoubtedly stones of the foundation wall of the ancient temple. Here, for nearly eighteen centuries, the Jews have assembled every

Friday to wail over the fallen condition of their nation. They kiss the wall, and those that were there when I was, about thirty in number, read from the Bible or the Talmud; one book I saw open was at the Psalms, 46th to 50th. There are said to be about five thousand Jews in Jerusalem, mostly of German, Polish, Russian and Spanish origin. They are generally men of some cultivation in Hebrew law, and come here to die in the land of their fathers.

"In the walls near the place of wailing, there are remains of the spring of an arch, which would indicate that there had formerly been a connection between the temple and Mount Zion.

"It was an affecting sight to see the Jews of all ages, and many of them very old, in the position of lamentation, with low and plaintive voices, praying to the God of their fathers to turn His face toward the neglected vine, which He fostered with exceeding care; and it recalls the yet unful-

filled prophecy of Isaiah, xl. 2: 'Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, and her iniquity pardoned.'

"In the evening we went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and found its great floor filled with pilgrims. Around the walls of the church are chapels, which are said to be built over spots connected with the events of the crucifixion; and we found the Latin patriarch, with a procession of monks, carrying a cross, with a figure of our Lord nearly as large as life, and a crowd of spectators gathered before them. The first was the stone and pillar of flagellation, a large piece of which is kept in a cell near the door of the chapel, where a sermon was given in Spanish, touching the scourging of our Lord. Thence they proceeded in solemn order to the spot where they suppose our Lord was secured whilst the soldiers made ready for the crucifixion. Here likewise they sang a hymn, and a sermon was preached in French. Thence they went to

the altar 'of the division of Christ's garments,' where there was another sermon. The same took place at the 'chapel of division;' from this they ascended the steps which lead to the spot of the crucifixion. Here there are two chapels; and that to which the procession first went, is where our Lord is supposed to have been nailed to the cross. They laid the great crucifix on the floor, and went through a ceremony similar to that of nailing on the body, when another hymn was sung, and a sermon delivered. They then carried the crucifix to the adjoining chapel, where it was placed on the spot where the crucifixion is supposed to have taken place. Here was another hymn and sermon. About a yard and a half from this spot, is a great rent in the rock, which is supposed to be that made by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion, and which has the appearance of being natural. After the sermon was ended, two friars, the one personating Joseph of Arima-

thea, and the other Nicodemus, approached the cross, and with a most solemn and concerned air, drew the nails, and took down the feigned body from the cross. It is an effigy so contrived that its limbs are flexible, and the pretended mourners bent down the arms, and disposed them in the manner usual for corpses; after which it was laid in a large winding sheet, and carried to the stone of unction, followed by the same procession as before. Here odours and spices were thrown over the body, and after another sermon, it was deposited in the holy sepulchre, when the ceremonies ended.

"The holy sepulchre is covered with marble, so that you do not see any of the natural rock; so are also the other parts of Calvary connected with the passion of our Lord; but the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea, and of Nicodemus, are cut out of the stone.

"*April 11th.*—This morning we went to Bethlehem, which is about two hours, or

seven miles, south of Jerusalem. On the way, we passed the village where the prophet Joel is supposed to have resided, some distance to our right; and near the road is the spot indicated as the tomb of Rachel, over which is a Moslem mosque.

"Bethlehem is beautifully situated on a hill, and as of old, is surrounded by its 'towers and wine presses,' the former being places for watching the vineyards. The hillsides are terraced, and planted with vines and olives. It has about three thousand inhabitants, who are nearly all Christians.

"The place of the nativity of our blessed Saviour, is covered with a church and convent. Under the floor is shown the spot where this greatest of all events is supposed to have occurred. In a grotto near by, is said to have been the manger in which the babe was laid. There is no tradition more ancient than that respecting this place. A church has stood over it since the fourth century, and two grottoes near by were the

residence of Eusebius and St. Jerome, who long dwelt on this sacred spot; and the emperor Hadrian, who was in Palestine only about one hundred years after the death of our Saviour, finding the sanctity attached to this place, sought to discredit it by erecting a shrine and a statue to Adonis, and dedicating the place to his worship. About a mile east, in a green valley, is shown the place where the shepherds, watching at night, heard the glad tidings of great joy. It is a lovely spot, and it was delightful to contemplate it."

"*April 13th.*—To-day we rode to the tombs of the judges, which lie north of the city, and are plain chambers cut in the rock; returning, we saw what are called the tombs of the kings, but they evidently belonged to the time of the Romans. We then proceeded down the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the garden of Gethsemane, and were fortunately able to obtain admission within the wall. There are eight olive

trees exhibiting great age, and they are doubtless successors of those which stood there at the time of our Lord. Near by is shown the rock on which the disciples are said to have slept, when our Saviour was betrayed. We again ascended the Mount of Olives, and entered what are called the tombs of the prophets, which are large sepulchres cut out of the solid rock. A little higher up are twelve arched vaults, underground, built in memory of the spot where the apostles are said to have composed the creed. We sat some time on the top of the mount, enjoying the view of the city, lying directly opposite and below us; of the Dead Sea, and of the surrounding country. At the south, distant perhaps a mile, is the hill or 'mount of evil counsel,' said to have been the spot where the 'chief priests and elders took counsel to put Jesus to death.' We went repeatedly around the sides and over the summit of the Mount of Olives; as, besides the beauty and compre-

hensiveness of the view from it, no place about Jerusalem is so associated with the life of our Saviour. We now stood upon it for the last time, and had many melancholy thoughts in leaving it. The spot where stood the fig tree, cursed for its unfruitfulness, we had seen on our previous visit."

"The valley of Hinnom unites with that of Jehoshaphat, further up the latter valley, and near the tomb of Absalom and Jehoshaphat, is the favorite burying place of the Jews; the hill-side is covered with flat stones, marking their graves. Old men come here from all parts of Europe, to die in the Holy City, and be laid in the valley of Jehoshaphat. It is the practice of Mohammedan women to throw stones at the monument of Absalom as they pass. We saw it done by a number who passed while we were there."

They left Jerusalem on the 14th of April, and passing through Gibeah, Bireh, and Beitin, they encamped for the night at

Sinjil. The next day was Sunday, and after remaining in their tents until noon, they visited "Shiloh." "It was here," says Mr. Minturn, "that the ark and tabernacle were first set up after the country had been subdued by the Israelites, and where it continued in the days of Joshua, during the ministry of the Judges, and until the close of Eli's life. It was here Samuel was dedicated to God, and passed his youth in the sanctuary. There was a feast to the Lord yearly in Shiloh, in honour of the sanctuary." From Shiloh they went to Hawara, and then entered the "valley of Sychem."

"This is one of the most interesting portions of the Holy Land. Abraham, when he entered Canaan, came first to the plain of Sychem—the oaks of Moreh. Here Jacob bought a parcel of ground of Hamor, the father of Shechem, and built a well in it, and dwelt here with his family, and at his death he left the field to his son

Joseph. The valley is only about 1500 feet wide, and the mountains—Gerizim and Ebal—500 feet high. It was here that the Israelites were directed by Moses to assemble after they should cross the Jordan, and the tribes being divided, six on each mountain side, they were to repeat the blessings and the curses which God had pronounced upon them. It was also in this valley that the whole nation was assembled by Joshua, shortly before his death, and, when meeting them for the last time, he called upon them, 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.' Great as is the interest imparted by these associations, there is one far transcending them, as it was by the well of Jacob at the entrance of this valley, that our Saviour sat, when wearied with his journey from Jerusalem to Galilee, and uttered to the poor woman of Samaria those truths which were to break down the barrier between Jew and Gentile: 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must

worship him in spirit and in truth.' I rolled off the stone, and entered the chamber over the well, the opening to which is a hole through the rock, only about as large as my body, and throwing a stone, found there was still water in it. It is one hundred and five feet deep. Near it is the tomb of Joseph, whose body was brought out of Egypt by the Israelites and buried at this place."

The next two days, April 16th and 17th, were passed in visiting Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, Jeba, Jenin, Jezreel, and other interesting places.

The last record made in this journal is at Shumea, where the prophet Elisha resided, in the house of the Shunamitish woman whose son he raised from the dead. Our extracts have been more than sufficient to show not only the physical and mental energy of Mr. Minturn, but his deep religious feeling, the elevation and the practical benevolence of his entire character.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNING from the East, Mr. Mintum and Dr. Wainwright met their respective families at Civita Vecchia. They had left Rome under the escort of Captain Hunter, of the U. S. Navy, passing through the French army, then besieging Rome. It was a joyful meeting after the dangers that had been encountered on both sides; and in the latter part of May, the two re-united families proceeded to Naples. There, and in the neighborhood, they saw all that was of most interest. Italy was arrayed in its gorgeous summer beauty; and, as they posted north, they visited some of the old cities on the way, but were obliged to forego Venice, then in a state of siege. The

plains of Lombardy,—well watered by the clear, cool streams that flow down from the Alps—delighted them, with their dignified rows of poplars, and graceful vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. Notwithstanding the hot sun, these mountain streams kept a constant verdure and freshness. They passed into Switzerland just at the time of harvest, and watched the hard-worked peasant women, tramping down from the heights, with heavy baskets of hay on their backs.

From Switzerland they proceeded to Germany, where, after settling his family at Homberg, Mr. Minturn visited all the principal cities. He was much interested at Eisenach, and sought out every spot connected with Luther. In travelling he always met with intelligent persons, ready to converse, and was much pleased with the affability and courtesy of the German manners. Their custom of greeting a stranger with some kind phrase of welcome

or adieu in a car, or a steamboat, or at the table of a hotel, struck him most pleasantly. At Augsburg he was interested in the "Fugger family," and visited the comfortable stone cottages, built by its founder, which still stand as a testimony of the benefit and proper use of wealth. At Brussels he inquired minutely into the working of the hospital there; for, as we have before noticed, those institutions that had for their object the amelioration of the race, were always the first in his attention and regard.

In the autumn, Mr. Minturn and his family re-visited England, and renewed the pleasant associations of the previous year. They then returned home to New York. A happy return after an absence of eighteen months, for the large close circle of relatives was found unbroken; not one had been removed on either side. The long family rockaway came to take the travellers all up to their home, and the aged

mother once more embraced her son, full of joy to find his health renewed for duty.

The next winter was passed in much social intercourse. Conversation often turned upon the difference between our own country and city, and those abroad; and the remark was often made that there was no want of our city so great as a large park for walking and driving. One evening at Mr. Robert Ray's, this remark was echoed by Mr. Frederick Prime, and a decision was made at once to call a meeting of gentlemen, to discuss the idea. They met at Mr. Minturn's; a site was chosen, a large and beautiful grove on the East River, and legislative action taken to secure it. Afterward it was deemed better to take the land not yet built upon in the upper part of Manhattan Island, and the Central Park has been the result.

In unpacking the large boxes of curiosities and souvenirs that arrived from Egypt, two pistols were found that had been used

by Dr. Wainwright and Mr. Minturn in crossing the desert. These had been in charge of the dragoman, who was left to load and unload them. Mr. Minturn divided their possessions, and sent one of the pistols to Dr. Wainwright, while he kept the other himself. His eldest son carried it up to the large playroom, in which each of the children had their own especial quarter. A few days after, when they were amusing themselves, the brother, in true boy fashion, pointed the pistol at his sister, and pulled the trigger. A ball glanced across her forehead, making an ugly wound, and then sank deep into the surbase of the room. Mrs. Minturn had been taking a morning's walk, and was met at the door by her friend, Mrs. Susan Rogers Remsen, who had been sent for on the moment of the accident. It was a great shock to both parents, and the narrow escape occasioned the deepest gratitude. As a memento of the event, a small missionary box, with the date

and an appropriate text of Scripture, was placed on the library table.

In the spring of 1850, Mr. Minturn went to Newport to look for a summer residence, but not finding what he wanted, he bought from Mr. Constant a pleasant home at Hastings, on the Hudson, called Locust Wood. The family took possession of it in the summer, and there their fifth daughter was born.

This was Mr. Minturn's favorite residence until his death. His delight was to keep it in the most perfect order; to see that the lawn was smoothly trimmed, that every unsightly object was removed, and that the fine old trees — which gave an English aspect to the home scene—should have their branches opened here and there, to give a vista to the Palisades in one direction, in another to the Bay of New York and Staten Island. On a clear day this island and its neighboring city are visible, looking southward, a distance of

between twenty and thirty miles; while on the north, the noble river widens into what the old Dutchmen named the Zuyder Zee, a lake-like expanse, subject to such sudden squalls, that in olden times, when our forefathers would make the voyage from New York to Albany (which then would at times take from fifteen to twenty days), they thought it wise to make their wills before leaving home.

Mrs. Minturn's parents and sisters formed part of their large and happy household here for two years, when Mr. Minturn purchased a house for them, very near his own, in the city. His wife's friends and relatives were his, and more than one can trace their well-being and prosperity in life to his kind and generous aid.

But about this period an occurrence took place which greatly impaired his activity of body and buoyancy of spirit. We find in his note-book the following paragraph: "*February 20th*, 1852.—I was rendered

very ill by eating part of a partridge, poisoned by the laurel berry. I had passed the day in the country, and returning at seven took supper alone. About half-past ten I was attacked with pain and dizziness, and soon became cold and insensible, and for nearly three hours no pulse at the wrist or movement of the heart could be discovered. My dear wife acted with great decision and energy, and sent for Doctors Delafield, Hoffman and Peters. I owe much to her prompt action, and I trust that I may never lose the impression of God's great mercy in sparing my life, and that it may be a daily subject of thanksgiving."

Mr. Minturn was left very weak; but recovered in a few days, to the great joy of his family and friends, who had suffered intense anxiety. This illness, although short, lessened his vital energy, and from that time it became necessary that he should seek change of air and scene much more

frequently than before. But it was a cause of gratitude to him, for, leading as it did to rest and retirement, it induced him to reflect more deeply and seriously upon the things which belong to our everlasting peace.

In May, Mrs. Minturn accompanied him on an excursion to the Cumberland Mountains, where they sought a spot of the greatest seclusion for the repose he so much needed. While there, he found that the daughter of the family where they boarded, very respectable and well educated people, was engaged to be married to a man who was, the parents thought, beneath her in life, and therefore but partially countenanced. As they would do but little for her, Mr. Minturn interested himself on her behalf, and drove here and there about the country, purchasing one article after another, until the happy girl possessed a complete outfit, and then did all in his power to reconcile the parents to the marriage

Thus, wherever he went, he always found some opportunity for active benevolence; and it was seldom that any chance acquaintance was not the better and happier for meeting him.

Throughout this summer, Mr. Minturn's health was very uncertain, and in the autumn a heavy trial awaited him. The little daughter of six summers, to whose death we have before alluded, fell a prey to scarlet-fever, making the first breach in the happy home-circle. This was succeeded by much illness and sorrow; but every affliction was borne with patience and serenity, for as his prayer had formerly been—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," so now it was, "Lord, teach me to bear," and his favourite text was, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee." In the autumn he met with a severe accident. While hastening from his counting-house to act as pall-bearer at the funeral of a friend, he stepped on a piece of iron, which rebound-

ed and struck his leg so severely, that although he persevered in the duty he was about to perform, he suffered intense agony and was laid up for two months. It was not a dreary confinement, however; he was fond of reading, and the views from his couch near the window of the river and the Palisades, in their October colouring and dreamy haze, caused him many an hour of quiet enjoyment. He kept a list of the friends who came to see him at that time, and never failed to visit them in any sickness or trouble.

In the November of this year his youngest son was born. The following January we find this entry in his note-book: "My mother-in-law departed this life to-day. Her end was most tranquil, and her consistent Christian course gives us the most blessed of all assurances, that she is prepared for the resurrection of the just."

April 29th, 1853, this memorandum is found: "Concluded the purchase from J. J.

Giles of a plot of six lots of land, between Mott and Elizabeth Streets, immediately north of Walker Street, upon which, in connection with several other gentlemen, by an association under the general building law, it is proposed to erect model dwellings for the industrious poor. It is designed for the benefit of respectable coloured persons, that class being greatly in want of comfortable dwellings."

In the spring of 1855, Mr. Minturn and his eldest daughter visited Cuba, in company with Mr. Horatio Allen and Miss Allen. This excursion gave him great enjoyment, and he met with a cordial reception from friends of long standing, among them Don Gonsalvo Alfonzo. Mr. Minturn had learned to know and value this excellent man on his visits to the North, when his ideas, far in advance of those of his fellow-countrymen, and his ardent desires for the abolition of slavery in Cuba, met with a warm sympathy. Mr. Minturn visited his

country place, where, notwithstanding the advanced views of Don Alfonzo, and his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his own people, the habits of the country in reference to slaves were such that his visitor could find no rest. The sound of the sugar-mills going all the night, and the snapping of the whip so distressed him, that the next morning he made an apology for leaving so soon and returned to town. He crossed from Cuba to Charleston; passed a few days in that city, visited some of its most prominent men, and returned home laden with books on the cotton kingdom. But these writings could not do away the effect of one visit to a sale of slaves, where he saw one poor old woman sold for fifty dollars, and where a bright young girl of eighteen, put up on the block before the spectators, caught his benevolent expression of face, and cried to him, "Buy me, massa, buy me!"

In November his son Robert sailed for

Australasia and China, and was absent from home eighteen months. The succeeding January, Mr. Minturn's sister-in-law, Eliza, who was as dear as an own sister, died after a long and painful illness. We find among his papers a hymn, the last lines of which she struggled to utter in her dying hour:

> "Send, oh, my God, some angel down,
> Though to a mortal eye unknown,
> To guide and guard my doubtful way
> Up to the realms of endless day."

Thus did the clouds of bereavement and care seem to darken for a while the sky that had been so uniformly bright.

His son John, who had left home for England during the summer of 1856 to pass the college vacation, was attacked by illness. He went over to Paris to join his aunt Mary, and travelled with her to Italy. While in Naples, Miss Minturn died suddenly. This was the sister of whose fond affection for her brother, and of his faithful

care of her, we have before spoken. Mr. William Aspinwall and his family were in Naples at this time, and Mr. Aspinwall acted as a friend and brother on the occasion, advising Mr. Minturn to come over to his son. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, with three of their children, sailed in the Fulton for Havre in April. Their son Robert, returning from the East, heard at Cairo of his brother's illness and joined him at Naples; and by the time the journey from America had been accomplished by the anxious parents, both brothers were in Paris to meet them, the invalid fast regaining his strength.

Of course the re-union was a doubly joyful one, now that sore anxieties were exchanged for unexpected mercies. A few weeks were spent delightfully in Paris, which had improved wonderfully during the ten years that had elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. Minturn's last visit. A wild piece of forest in its environs had been converted

into the present beautiful Bois de Boulogne, and magnificent hotels and palaces erected in spacious streets that had not then been even planned. The summer was spent in Switzerland, parts of Germany, Belgium, and Holland, and then the happy party returned in safety home.

Just before leaving Liverpool, a letter had been given to Mr. Minturn from Mrs. Guthrie (a friend whose acquaintance he had made on the Nile some years previously), introducing a young English couple who were going to the United States. These made so pleasant an addition to their party on board, that when they reached the other side, Mr. Minturn persuaded them to go at once with his family to their home on the Hudson. Everything there had been prepared in beautiful order, and the warmest welcome awaited them from the cherished sister, who, by her unselfish devotion and energy, was ever ministering to the happiness of the family. Home had

never seemed sweeter. Empty places were filled again by those who had long been absent, and who knew the value of home, after months of travel, illness, and exposure to danger of various kinds. The family remained in the country until after Christmas. The grown-up children attracted troops of friends of their own age, while the large circle of relatives, the frequent visits of strangers, who were always treated with the warm hospitality Mr. Minturn knew so well how to extend, made the house a scene of constant festivity.

But amid all this cheerfulness, Mr. Minturn never forgot to exercise a Christian influence which was operating for good in many more hearts than he then was aware of. A young foreigner who was at this time a very constant visitor, wrote to one of the family after the death of Mr. Minturn—"A few words said by him at morning prayers, left a deep impression on me, and shall never be forgotten. May we all

be allowed the grace of leading such an exemplary and useful life as his."

From that period, Mr. Minturn was the companion and friend of his elder children. His sons were associated with him in business, and his daughters were his relaxation and delight. They accompanied him in all his walks and drives, and made frequent excursions with him to the sea-side or to the mountains. His health was never again what it had been, although he found benefit from change of air and scene.

His interest in his friends was always intense, but now it began to be more marked than ever, evidencing a concern, not so much for their present interests, as for their future well being, which was of so much more importance in his estimation. We find, at an earlier date, that he had been consulting his friend Dr. J. Smythe Rogers, about some book to be put into the hands of a young friend who was expressing sceptical opinions. We quote Dr. Rogers' note,

as it gives comfort to those who feel the same solicitude that Mr. Minturn then felt:

"MY DEAR MINTURN:

"You will recollect that, during our ride last evening, I mentioned 'Scott's Force of Truth' with approbation. I think you will be much pleased with its perusal, (its homely garb notwithstanding,) as tending to show that a sincere enquirer after truth, how great soever may be his errors at the outset, has no reason to doubt that the promise will be fulfilled, 'He that seeks me early'—earnestly—'shall find me;' or, in the present case, I should say, that the friends of those who thus seek, may be assured that success will in the end attend the search. I do not approve of all the views of the writer of this little volume, nor of the excellent person to whom its letters were addressed; still, there is such an evidence of sincere and earnest search after the truth, and so striking an illustration of the fulfillment of the promise to those who

'ask,' that it may afford encouragement not only to the seeker, but to the friends whose anxieties are awakened in their behalf.

"Ever yours, J. S. R."

We recollect the delight Mr. Minturn expressed, on one occasion, at having met a young German friend, to whom he was much attached, who had been brought by affliction to seek the truth, and who, knowing Mr. Minturn's interest in him, had called to tell him of the change, saying, "I have learned to pray."

Many years since, when a considerable portion of the interests of Mr. Minturn's mercantile house was in whaling vessels, on the departure of one of these ships for a voyage of two or three years, feeling the risk and danger to which it was exposed, Mr. Minturn spoke a word of admonition to the captain. Some years after this, the captain wrote to Mr. Minturn, to ask the names of his children, and the dates of their birth; and then had them engraved on one

side of the large ivory tooth of a whale, and on the other a record in verse of its story This monster of the deep had, in its death struggle, stove in the captain's small boat, so that he was in great peril. During the agitation, feeling that his life must be lost, the last words of Mr. Minturn came back to his memory; and when danger was over, and life seemed to be given again, they impressed him still more deeply, and he became a changed man. The ivory tooth is carefully preserved as a memorial of this interesting incident.

Mr. Minturn was much attached to an old Jewish gentleman, a Mr. Solomons, of whom he used to say, that he was "a Nathanael without guile." Many notes from this person to his young Gentile friend are found, expressive of his affection and respect.

No difference of religious creed or of position in life affected Mr. Minturn's regard for his friends. His truth and fidelity was

sometimes testified in a way that is not as frequent as it should be. A clergyman of the church, to whom he was warmly attached, possessed unusual social attractions, and was much sought for as a guest at dinner parties. Mr. Minturn constantly meeting him on these occasions, became convinced that the influence of his clerical friend was in a measure impaired by being too often in gay and worldly company, and therefore wrote him an affectionate note on the subject. This was as affectionately received. The clergyman immediately called to thank him, and the latter years of his life were marked by devotion in every particular to his Master's work and honour. As another instance of Mr. Minturn's courage and fidelity, we may state that he addressed a strong letter of counsel and admonition to a public individual, whom he feared was tempted to carry out a measure from motives he might afterwards regret; which letter we have reason to know

was thoroughly effective in preventing the proposed measure. The study of his own heart taught him to see and to sympathize with the dangers to which others might be exposed, and the well balanced judgment he possessed, enabled him to avoid these dangers himself, and to advise others how to pass them by. Every word of advice, however, every friendly reproof, was given with a voice and manner so loving and genial that no offence was ever taken.

CHAPTER IX.

In October, 1859, Mr. Minturn's eldest daughter was married to Mr. Thomas Charles Baring, and, after the marriage, sailed with her husband for England, accompanied by her brother John. Mr. Minturn's second daughter now became more constantly his companion, and passed many hours in reading aloud to him, as symptoms of disease in the eyes, from which he afterwards suffered, began to trouble him.

About this time a diary was placed on the table of the drawing-room, in which household events were entered as they happened, with the arrival and departure of friends, kindred, or strangers from abroad. Bishop Horatio Potter, who performed the

marriage service for Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, was from that time a frequent guest at their house. He passed the first winter of his bishopric with them in the city, and the week before Mr. Minturn's death, dined at his table with his son, Robert Minturn Potter. This youth died the summer following the death of Mr. Minturn, his "*name-father*," as the Germans call it.

From the household diary alluded to, we quote a few incidents.

"*June 2nd*, 1860.—Silver wedding. A delightful day. Sister and children ornamented the rooms with flowers, and sent the parents away for a drive while the arrangements were completed. After dinner Von H. played the Wedding March. Arm-chairs were raised on a dais, constructed for the occasion, and then the pretty and useful silver presents were offered. Fire-works in the evening."

"*June 4th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, Anna and Edith, left for Philadelphia and

the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and enjoyed a charming trip in that romantic region. Visited Mr. Minturn's old friend, Mr. Hutchinson, and attended the double weddings of his daughter and son."

"*August 8th.*—Mr. Minturn went to Boston to meet his daughter, Mrs. Baring and her husband, on their return from England."

"*August 21st.*—Left for Canada with Anna and Edith." During their absence Mr. Minturn had been appointed one of the committee to wait on the Prince of Wales, (at that time making his tour in the United States and Canada), and offer him the hospitality of the City of New York. This appointment permitted him to see more than he otherwise would of the party accompanying the prince, a circumstance that added much to the pleasure of the trip, which was completed by the 12th of September.

"*September 14th.*—The happy event of

the birth of the first grandchild, Charles Cuthbert Baring."*

"*September 21st.*—Mr. Minturn's mother came to pay us a visit, in a very feeble state of health."

"One month later, went to town to attend the ball given in honour of the prince. Some of the party from Canada returned with us to pass a couple of days."

"*November 7th.*—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was this day elected President of the United States, by the Republican party, and entirely by votes of the non-slaveholding States.

As soon as the result of the election became known, the State of South Carolina indicated through the action of its legislature, and by the speeches of prominent politicians, that the State would endeavor

* This darling boy nestled in the hearts of the family five and a half years, and then, with his beautiful brother Robert Minturn, aged two years and a half, followed their grandfather to his eternal home, in so short a time after his death, that it became one great sorrow.

to effect a dissolution of the Union; and, it appearing that Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi sympathized with the movement, great apprehensions were created. The currency of the southern banks becoming contracted, they drew upon the North for specie, which led to a rapid contraction here, and ended in a financial panic, which rendered the value of rail-road shares 15 to 20, and U. S. government stock fell to 95. Exchange on England declined to par. Flour, grain, cotton and colonial produce declined fully ten per cent., and the operations of commerce became almost suspended.

"On Monday, the 19th, only ten days after the agitation commenced, the pressure for money became so intense, that discounts were almost impossible, and it was evident that neither the banks nor the merchants could sustain themselves many days longer. On the day above mentioned, the bank officers met, and agreed that they would

relieve the exchange market by purchasing £500,000 stirling of bills on London. This movement gave such confidence to bill-buyers, that they purchased so freely as to relieve the market, and render purchases by the banks unnecessary. The pressure for discount continued unabated, and the demands upon the banks became so severe, that, by Wednesday, the 21st, it became evident that, without some measures of relief were adopted, they would have to suspend specie payments. This led to a meeting of the bank officers, at which it was agreed that the weak banks should be assisted, and common stock made of all the coin in their vaults, amounting to about nineteen millions of dollars. The effect of this novel, and as the event proved it, most judicious measure, was a large increase of bank discounts, which relieved the embarrassments of the merchants, and gradually the rates of interest declined, confidence was restored, prices of stock and produce

advanced, and the financial crisis was passed, although the political difficulties, from which it arose, remained unabated."

In April, 1861, the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter, by the South, and that gun echoed through every house and heart in the North. Up to that moment, the men of the North could not believe in the suicidal step that was taken by their Southern brethren, bound to them by every tie of interest and duty. It was no doubt a judicial blindness, that was permitted by the Arbiter of events to close the eyes of the truly good—aye, the truly Christian men of the South, who were not only willing to keep the sin of slavery in their camps, but were also willing to give ear to those ambitious politicians, who intended to make it the corner-stone of an immense fabric of government.

This, in their overweening thirst for power, they began to build, when it toppled over and crushed them in its fall.

Even in the face of continued evidence that treasonable plots and machinations were going on in the South, northern men could not, and would not believe the sad fact, until the telegraph announced that the dreadful first step was taken. Then the earth seemed to slip away beneath their feet! And after the shock came the rally from every hearth and household that were stanch to our government and its institutions. Some there were, unfortunately, whose sympathies were with the institution of slavery; southern politicians had been persuaded that they had a large party at the North. In this they were mistaken, for though the number was sufficient to complicate our troubles, it was so completely overborne by the loyal strength of the majority, that it might be said one heart and one hand were raised to face the terrible certainty that they must take up arms against their brethren.

It was a grievous struggle of four long

years: began at the North with no preparation, while those with whom they had to contend for many years had been planning the desperate enterprize. They held many of the most important offices under the central government at Washington, as well as the highest positions in the army and navy, and had been for months and years collecting arms and ammunition.

A friend of Mr. Minturn's who was in Savannah the winter of 1860 and '61, told him that as she went to and from church on Sunday, she saw in the basement of a large building, men making cartridges, working day and night; while processions, with "War to the death" on their banners, were constantly parading through the streets. This was in anticipation of the election of a President whose views were opposed to Slavery.

In the midst of this trouble every one at the North looked to England for sympathy and support, never doubting that a power

which had made such sacrifices for the cause of freedom would rally to their aid.

When the answer was given, "We will be neutral," the feeling in every heart was akin to that sorrow and disappointment which we realize when a friend proves himself a stranger in adversity. This neutrality was, in fact, positive aid to the South, and greatly prolonged the struggles. Although this contest for power and slavery at the South — for our Constitution and the destruction of slavery at the North, lasted four tedious years; yet in the darkest hour loyal hearts never questioned the result.

Mr. Minturn's large acquaintance and intimacies both in the South and in England, made his position a peculiar one. He felt much for the suffering of those he had known in the South, and the sentiments of the English caused him great pain. At the same time he was most happily assured that the noble heads of the British nation gave us their sympathy; and that in one case

where a reply was to be given to some question connected with the war, these royal friends of justice were so anxious to spare offence, that a special train passed fifteen times between Windsor and London before satisfaction was expressed with the wording of the document. He also soon learned that a powerful, if not a large portion of the English people, distinguished for good sense and intelligence, were with us. The sympathies of the aristocracy were with the so-called aristocracy of the South, though, had the whole working of the system of slavery been known to these ardent sympathizers, we think their judgment would have contradicted their feelings.

It was an interesting fact that two books about the war were written by a Frenchman of great celebrity, Monsieur le Comte de Gasparin, which showed that he thoroughly appreciated our situation. So intuitive were they in their recognition of the peculiar traits of North and of South,

and so just, as the event proved, were they in their calculations as to the results of the war, that we must look upon them as almost prophetic inspiration. Greatly did they renew the spirit and courage of those who read them.

During this year and the next, Mr. Minturn made frequent visits to Washington on public affairs. None but those who experienced the tension of nerve that alternating hopes and fears occasioned, can guess how it wore upon the hearts and exhausted the physical strength of our people. There were thousands of sacrificed lives, independently of those who fell in battle.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Minturn went to the camps south of Washington—a depressing though interesting sight. There lay that great army, thoroughly equipped and ready for action, but still clinging to that "*masterly inactivity*" which for so long characterized the manner in which the war was conducted. In this army were found our best

and noblest gentlemen from homes of ease and luxury; young men who left their colleges, farmers their plough, and tradesmen their shop, to fill the ranks and await the horrors and chances of war. Much of the success of the army, we may believe, was attributable to the reverence for religion, and to the establishment of religious services in all the camps.

Mr. Minturn's note-book could disclose sad instances of the unfair means resorted to by the South to obtain influence over the States adjoining the confederacy, as well as of the unfaithfulness of some of the nominal adherents to the North.

We must give, however, all honor to those who, although born at the South, yet, having received their military and naval education from the general government, hesitated not to battle for the right. Many of these, who hastened home from all quarters of the globe when the civil war broke out, were among our most active and useful cham-

pions. The brilliant achievements in our navy were in the main due to Southern men.

CHAPTER X.

In the winter of 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn and part of their family visited friends in the western part of New York, and then went to Niagara. They were all delighted with the winter aspect of this wonderful cataract. The sublimity of the snow-covered rocks, from which the glittering icicles hung; the frozen foam which formed itself into crystals of a thousand various devices as if to deck the proud torrent, whose steady flood of roaring waters resisted winter's strongest chains; the effect of the morning sunlight upon it all, when every tint and tone of colour shone out in prismatic purity from the sheets of water and the ice-bound rocks and trees around; or, of the still more

magical moonlight, that seemed to dilate the whole scene with an additional grandeur, filling the mind with mysterious and speechless awe—all felt that Niagara in its wintry solitude was something never to be forgotten.

In March, 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn made rather an unusual trip at that season of the year, going north to the White Mountains. Winter had lingered late, and snow was on the ground to the depth of five or six feet, covering the fences. Nothing could exceed in beauty that grand range of mountains in their unbroken surface of dazzling purity, girdled with a broad belt of towering pines, and at sunset rivaling Mount Blanc, with the rare roseate tint that becomes so well the spotless snow. It was a novel and refreshing experience for Mr. Minturn, whose health needed the exhilaration of this change.

They put up at the Glen House, where nothing was omitted that could give com

fort to their sojourn. When exercise was needed, they put on snow-shoes for a walk; or, in a fur-mantled sleigh, took rapid drives in the pure cold air. The roads were so narrowly blocked up, that to meet another sleigh at any point except where the regular turn-out was formed, was a matter of difficulty, almost of danger. The horse, or horses were taken out of the lighter vehicle, and that lifted aside, while the horse was led as closely as possible to the stationary sleigh. On one occasion, where a sharp turn in the road prevented their seeing, and the direction of the wind their hearing the bells of an approaching lumber sledge, which carried an immense block of marble, before Mr. Minturn's cutter was lifted aside—the path was strewn with blankets, and even the coats of the men were thrown off for his wife to tread upon. The gallantry exhibited by these New England mountaineers is only on a level with the universal deference for women in our country—an

example to all other nationalities. In these excursions, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn often passed the district school-house, which is always among the first buildings of our pioneers, wherever they go; and as they observed the stalwart arms that were preparing fuel for the next winter, the bright axe gleaming in the sunlight, and coming down with titanic force, they felt inwardly assured that a people who thus could labour to give education to their children, and their children's children, would battle nobly for their country's rights, and be victorious in the war.

In the spring, Mr. Minturn had the happiness of seeing his second son, John, married to Louisa, daughter of his friend Mr William Aspinwall; and in the autumn of the same year, a similar happiness awaited him, in the marriage of his eldest son, Robert, to Susannah, daughter of Mr. George Francis Shaw, of Boston.

This year terminated the lives of Mr.

Minturn's aged mother, and of the venerable father of Mrs. Minturn—both of whom the previous summer had at different periods passed several weeks at Hastings in extremely feeble condition.

In the early spring of 1863, Mr. Minturn accompanied a party of gentlemen younger than himself, on a fishing excursion in Maine. One of these companions wrote to Mr. Minturn soon after his return, expressing gratification at having been with him on this excursion, hoping the benefit of his example might never be lost. Mr. Minturn took with him, as his servant, a coloured lad, brought up in the family, to whom he was much attached. Later in the summer, when his master was absent in Minnesota, this boy was obliged to remain concealed under the hay in the barn at Hastings, to avoid the mob which at that time was raging in the vicinity of New York, as well as in the city itself, maltreating and even murdering the negro popula-

tion, and by night setting fire to buildings in any way associated with the coloured race in the minds of these ruthless rioters.

It may easily be conceived that all these scenes of horror would tell heavily upon Mr. Minturn's health, weakened by disease; and upon his heart, so keenly alive to all suffering, that he has been known, when walking through the streets of the city, and seeing some poor animal driven hastily to the shambles by its cruel owner, to pay for a cart to carry it to its destination.

Indeed, the ravages of war, the repeated loss of friends, in battle or by the fever which prevailed in our camps, and anxiety about all financial matters, so materially affected his health, that another voyage to Europe was advised by friends and physicians.

He was unwilling, however, to leave his country in the midst of its civil dissensions, and so resolved to seek the change and repose he needed, by a trip to the northwest. In June, accompanied by his wife

and two daughters, he went to Niagara, and from thence to Milwaukie. From Milwaukie, they visited Nashotah, a large church institution, in which Mr. Minturn had long taken a true and substantial interest. Then they went to La Crosse, on the Mississippi, and took the boat to St. Paul. The river is very beautiful in this region, high peaks, like feudal castles, crowning its banks, which, in some places, slope to the water's edge, like smooth lawns, studded with noble trees. Arrived at St. Paul, it was difficult to believe, that thirty years before there was only one white man residing there. The extent, and beauty, and tastefulness of the houses, surrounded by fountains and gardens, showed a refinement and cultivation that argued well for the inhabitants.

Having visited the falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha, and other objects of interest, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn went from St. Paul to Bayfield, on Lake Superior, camp-

ing out several nights, and getting a full taste of forest life. They saw the native Indians in their canoes and wigwams; and the half-breed mail-carrier, who walked forty miles consecutively for two days; and they passed through huge primeval forests, which were broken only by the one road they travelled.

One evening the air was so heavy, and so filled with smoke, that danger was apprehended. The next day they came upon a fire in the woods, which stole on like a great serpent, licking up the vegetation from the ground, and running up the stately trees. It passed over a part of their road; and scarcely had one of their teams gone by, when a burnt tree fell with a heavy crash across the path they had just quitted. At Bayfield they took the steamer for Ontonagan, where a party of friends, who had joined them at St. Paul, left to return home. Their acquaintance had been made on this western trip, the enjoyment

of which they greatly enhanced; and one among their number, who was deeply impressed with Mr. Minturn's character, wrote the following sketch, as truthful as it is gratifying.

"A few years ago I was so happy as to be one of a very agreeable party journeying for pleasure and for health to the far West. Passing through a large district of country with but few settlements, we were thrown very much upon our own resources, and had frequent opportunities for acts of kindness and self-denial. Prominent in all these deeds of generous and watchful care for others was Robert B. Minturn. Himself an invalid and seeking relief from care and anxiety, he was never willing to take rest or refreshment till he knew that each one of the party were well accommodated. Truly he 'loved himself last;' and it needed sometimes the most urgent entreaties of his loving children to induce him to take even needful care of himself. Before reaching

the most distant and wilder regions, we passed through many towns and I believe without an exception we found in each one a church he had helped to build, a clergyman whose hands he had strengthened, a literary or theological institution he had largely aided. These things could not be hid, although he would gladly have never been known as the donor of all these rich gifts. But on the last evening we spent together, little thinking it would be the last, an incident occurred that I thought very touching, because it showed a kind care for the 'little ones.' And here was one shining trait of his character; his liberality did not consist solely in princely acts of munificence, but no opportunity seemed lost of doing the thousand little nameless charities which only the last great day will reveal. We were at a remote point on Lake Superior, and a band of German musicians, on their summer travels, announced a concert for the evening. As our party were entering the

concert-room, we found the door surrounded by a number of boys attracted by the sounds of the musical instruments, a novelty in that region. The door-keeper pushed them rudely aside, and we entered. The audience was small enough to be rather discouraging to the musicians. After they had finished a fine overture, Mr. Minturn left the room, and soon after all the boys, amounting to twenty, filed regularly in and were shown to seats on one side of the room. We soon surmised who had been the purchaser of their tickets, giving by this means great pleasure to the children and benefit to the musicians. Thus, although at the time weighed down by anxiety for his country, then in her greatest peril, with his own ill health and many responsibilities, did he stoop to assist and cheer even the lowest with ready aid and 'kind words that never die.'"

One of Mr. Minturn's strong characteristics was kind attention to poor children,

particularly if pain or sickness was added to their poverty. During this visit to the far West, on two different occasions he met with cases that he instantly relieved. One was at Niagara, where, on the British side, he noticed a lame boy, whom he assisted, and the next day crossed the river to enquire after him and to render him material aid. Another and more remarkable instance was at Mackinaw, where he observed a boy who had one of his legs drawn up from the foot at a right angle with the knee, and on finding that the lameness was the result of an accident, he directly took measures to send the boy to Chicago, and place him under the care of an eminent surgeon; and had the satisfaction and reward of learning within a few months that the boy was walking comfortably, with the leg restored to its proper position. Without this timely aid he might have been a cripple for life.

These more recent instances recall one or two others in previous years, showing

how thoroughly and earnestly his aid was given. Meeting a lad whose face impressed him, while he saw with pain that his feet were reversed, he took him to a distinguished surgeon who promised to cure him paid his board, and had the satisfaction of seeing a sufferer relieved for life.

A disappointing effort for one boy, still shows, nevertheless, how persevering he was in such cases. Observing three lads in the road on the North River, during his first residence there in 1847 and '48, who were in search of employment, he gave them a night's lodging, and for two of them found occupation in the city. The third interested him so much from his intelligence, that he placed him at school, and for years strove by every method to influence him for good. But the moral taint was so deep, that after making various efforts on his behalf, he was obliged to allow him to seek his livelihood in his own fashion; although he still continued and that for years to write to him.

At Ontonagan, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn visited the copper mines, some of which had been worked at a period preceding the date of the present occupation of our country, where they saw arrow-heads of iron made at that time. They then steamed for the northern shore of Lake Superior, whose water is so clear that you can see the bottom, cold as a spring, and deep enough for a heavy steamer. This great inland ocean with its ten thousand islands is itself a marvel of grandeur.

They went ashore at Fort William, and were rowed in a canoe some miles up a romantic stream; gliding along under the alders and willows that bordered it, with almost as little noise or motion as the fish swimming in the stream. This lonely spot is sometimes months without a mail. They stopped at Isle Royal, where all on board landed to hunt for chlorashotite, a small stone resembling malachite; then went on to Copper Harbour and Portage Lake, when

the mines were again visited with great interest. The richness of these mines is wonderful; and the value of the land has increased in such a ratio that Mr. Douglas, an early settler, informed them that he had paid six hundred dollars for a portion of land which he sold in a few years for seventy-seven thousand dollars, and it was at that time worth a million. Another mine that he sold for eight thousand dollars was then worth half a million. English copper ore, they were told, was worth seven per cent. after washing; ours eighty to eighty-five per cent. Seventy-five tuns of rock are daily broken. The copper "crops out," or appears on the surface of the land constantly. One hundred and fifty thousand tuns of copper are produced annually. In 1845, Copper Harbour had one poorly built house, and five hundred people living in tents; now, at Portage Lake alone, there are one thousand inhabitants; a church, and a hospital for the miners when ill or

hurt by accident. From this place they went to Marquette, where they saw the immense iron mines there, and the Iron Mountain, which is almost a solid mass of iron glittering in the sun.

The news of Colonel Robert Shaw's death, at Charleston, at the head of his regiment, now reached the travellers; and from this point Mrs. Minturn returned home, leaving the rest of the party to visit the beautiful island of Mackinac, situated at the junction of Lakes Huron and Michigan. Here Mr. Minturn first met Bishop Whipple, who came to the island for the benefit of his health, broken by intense devotion to the Indians.

Within a few weeks of Mr. Minturn's return to New York, he was seized with severe illness. His only surviving sister, Mrs. Grinnell, who had lately arrived home from a tour in Europe, added her solicitations to those of his friends, that he would lose no time in seeking that freedom from

care, which it was thought could only be obtained in an absence from his own country, whose state caused him incessant excitement and anxiety. The ties of home were increasingly strong, for about this time two grand-children, named after him, were added to other endearments, and it was at a great sacrifice of inclination that he consented to leave America, and cross the Atlantic for the third time.

CHAPTER XI.

Early in November Mr. Minturn and his family sailed from New York, and were soon once more kindly welcomed in London. Passing rapidly through Paris, they went directly to Marseilles, where they took the steamer to Alexandria. On this voyage across the Mediterranean, they had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Sir John Lawrence, then on his way to India as Governor-General. His extreme simplicity and unaffected manners, his good sense and great kindness, met such sympathy in Mr. Minturn, that they became very good friends in those seven days; and when they arrived at Alexandria, Sir John insisted on taking Mr. Minturn and his party

ashore in the Pasha's boats, which were provided for his reception, and also on their accompanying him and his suite in the special train to Cairo. They therefore entered on their trip to the East under unusually pleasant auspices. Mr. Minturn looked forward with great interest to a repetition of his journey up the Nile, accompanied, as he was, by a part of his family, and he was not disappointed. The voyage was pleasant, and he had the satisfaction of observing what he thought a great amelioration in the condition of the people; the labouring men had a more comfortable and better-fed appearance, and their wages were somewhat increased. But to the other members of his party it seemed almost impossible that matters ever could have been worse.

It was dreadful to see a whole village pressed into the service of the Pasha, to do his portion of the work on the Isthmus of Suez, with but little compensation for la-

bour done; and to observe the cruelty exercised over those who were building a dyke on the Nile, where children, twelve and fifteen years old, carrying heavy baskets of earth on their heads, were urged by the lash of their masters to their painful task.

Coming, as they had done, so recently from the great North-west of America, so rich in soil, in mines, in forests, so glorious in its ocean-like lakes, and magnificent mountains, and with its people possessing an inestimable heritage of freedom, and with nothing to prevent their progress and their growth—to have passed from such scenes into this crumbling land, where everything speaks of oppression, poverty, and decay—was one of the most striking transitions it were possible to make, and rendered the stars and stripes that waved from the mast of their dahabeah an object of unusual love and pride.

On this journey they went as far as the first cataract; and the ruins of this inter-

esting old country were re-visited by Mr. Minturn with an increased relish, and seen by the rest of his party with a keen, fresh admiration, such as must fill all minds on seeing these remains of past ages. It had been the intention of Mr. Minturn, on returning to Cairo, to cross the short desert and enter the Holy Land, but there was so much illness at Cairo, that his plans were not carried out. The United States Consul, Mr. Thayer, was very ill, his friend Mr. Marsh had died, and a young German servant, also, who had waited on Mr. Minturn's party during their first day at Cairo. It became, therefore, a source of deep anxiety, when Mr. Minturn was seized with a severe bilious attack, which kept him ill for some days. As soon as he was able, he went to inquire for Mr. Thayer, intending to prevail on him to leave Cairo; he, however, was too ill, and soon after died.

A part of Mr. Minturn's family, after selecting a dragoman of capacity sufficient

to plan the excursion, and take charge of the travellers, went to Jerusalem, going by water to Joppa. When Mr. Minturn was able to travel, he and his wife went to Alexandria, and took ship for Sicily. They spent a fortnight in that lovely island, so full of picturesque beauty and historic interest, and the fresh, bracing air, with the various charms of the early spring, invigorated Mr. Minturn's health.

They awaited the return of their children at Palermo, but it was not until they reached Naples, on the morning of the 8th of April, that the family was re-united. Two months were passed in Naples and Rome. It was late in the season for those cities, but, as they had a delightfully spacious apartment in Rome, and as Mr. Minturn, in his first visit, had seen but little of this wonderful old city, they lingered there till the first of June. They then went to lovely Florence, where they visited Vallombrosa, afterwards to Venice, thence to

the Tyrol, and then, passing over the Stelvio Pass, to St. Moritz.

The winter and spring had been full of anxious interest for both parents, as the daughters accompanying them had become engaged, the one to a young fellow-countryman, the other to an English clergyman. Although sympathizing in the happiness of their children, it was naturally a trial to be thus robbed of these pleasant companions for the future of their lives; and it was observed that Mr. Minturn clung to them with unusual tenderness during the interval before their marriage.

Finding himself much benefited by the air at St. Moritz, Mr. Minturn remained there longer than was at first intended; while his wife and daughters made a short trip in Switzerland, and a necessary visit to Paris.

A very dear friend, to whose care Mrs. Minturn confided her husband, in case he should be ill before she could return to him,

and who was constantly in his society at San Moritz, gives the following recollections of her pleasant sojourn there with him: "Thinking, my dear friend, that it might afford you some satisfaction to hear some incidents connected with Mr Minturn's stay at St. Moritz after you left, I make a rough sketch from memory, adding a few extracts from his letters, relating to his charities there, showing that neither time nor distance could weaken his interest in the objects of his benevolent care.

"One afternoon, in our walk, as we passed a peasant's hut, we were surprised at suddenly finding ourselves surrounded by a group of children, dancing and screaming with delight, now looking up in your husband's face, then shrinking back in childish bashfulness. His sweet smile and pleasant manner encouraged them, and soon mother and father were added to the group of eight children. All this joy and gratitude was in return for Mr. Minturn's kindness; for a

few days before, he had taken them all to the shoemaker's, and given them each a pair of shoes. They were Bergamese peasants, who had come up for the mowing. It was a source of deep regret that he could not get up a feast for all the mowers, but he found it impossible, owing to the great difficulty in getting sufficient food at such a height on the Alps. On another occasion, we had wandered far in the forest, and came upon a clearing where they were preparing peat for fuel; and in a miserable dark hovel, without light or air, dwelt an old man for three months of the year, to superintend this work. I had some conversation with him, and on learning his circumstances, our dear friend, with his usual liberality, added to the scanty store of the poor old man, who, with uplifted eyes and hands, invoked a blessing on him who verily 'went about doing good.'

"At another time, we met a miserable object of deformity in our rambles. He

was also aided, but we found that he was not deserving; for besides being provided for by the authorities, the beggar had laid up a considerable sum of money. On this occasion, I well remember the kind, humble manner of my dear friend, when I apologized for having presumed to advise caution in such matters. He thanked me warmly, and begged that I would always exercise the right of true friendship.

"Once, when I was regretting that I had not the same sweet privilege that he enjoyed in such a high degree, of being able to administer to the wants of others in a pecuniary way, he said that I contributed my share to his work, by being interpreter, and that words of love and sympathy to our fellow creatures were acceptable to God. He said he felt that he had derived so much benefit from the 'cure' at St. Moritz, that he must show his gratitude, by relieving others as far as he could.

"The next day, he came for me to speak

with a German couple, whom he met on the road, with a blind infant. They had come from Chiavenna to consult an oculist, who had not arrived, and they had no means to allow of their waiting for him. Mr. Minturn kept them at his own expense for several days; and when the case was found to be incurable, he provided them with money to return to their home. He also took their address, and requested them to let us know if they had further need of assistance. We then went to buy them a blanket and some warm clothing; and when I gave these articles to them in your husband's name, they manifested the most grateful emotion. Another case of blindness that interested him, was that of two poor sisters. We were obliged to leave before an oculist could arrive. I spoke to a friend of mine to consult him when he should come, and when I wrote the result of the consultation to Mr. Minturn, he replied as follows: 'Many thanks

for your kind letter. I am very glad to hear the oculist thinks one of the children at St. Moritz can be cured, and shall gladly avail myself of the arrangement you propose for having it done. If I can facilitate it in any way by sending a draft from here for the money, or in any other way, please inform me. I shall be glad to have the glasses bought which are recommended for the other child. I am much pleased that a prospect of relief is opened for these sisters. Did you hear what opinion was expressed regarding the little child that was brought from Chiavenna?'

"In a later letter, he wrote, 'I am very glad to hear of the opening for doing something for the relief of the poor children suffering from partial blindness, at St. Moritz.

"'I beg you to express to Madame Peters my thanks for her kind interest in this family. Might it not be best that the younger of the two sisters should be placed in a hospital, where she could have more

care and better medical advice, than could be commanded for her at St. Moritz? For the elder, I think Madame Peters' proposal of a school may be the best for the present; and afterwards, perhaps, some trade would be desirable. In the absence of any estimate of the amount of money necessary to do what may appear best for these poor children, I send enclosed a bill on Messrs. Baring for ten pounds.'

"In a short note written to me at the moment of embarkation for America, he asked: 'Please remember our Swiss children, in your travels, or if you have any acquaintances going to St. Moritz.'

"What a proof of true Christian philanthropy, that even when most pressed in his own affairs, he still thought of those poor little creatures, seven thousand feet up on the Alps.

"Could I have known that these few weeks were to prove the last opportunities of personal intercourse with this heavenly-

minded man, how carefully would I have noted down every one of his valuable teachings; for truly, every walk I took with him, and every visit we made, were lessons never to be forgotten. Sometimes he would put letters in his pocket to read to me, while we sat to rest on some hillside; and the topics thus discussed were full of interest and profit. At one time, letters from Dr Muhlenberg, which would lead to the subject of his favourite 'St. Luke's,' and other desired undertakings; at another time, letters from Bishop Whipple, which led to his important work in the west.

"No one knows better than yourself, my dear friend, how greatly he appreciated the glorious scenery by which we were surrounded. One Saturday afternoon I accompanied him and a clerical friend to the highest spot that we had ever attempted, and from whence the view down in the valley was so grand that we each felt more than ever in the presence of our God. Not a word was

spoken for half an hour, but each enjoyed his own thoughts, till at length the silence was broken by the clergyman, in some beautiful remarks, to which Mr. Minturn responded with an expression of countenance that I can never forget, it seemed illumined by a celestial ray from that upper world which appeared so near.

"In one of our last walks he said, 'I have been reflecting much this morning upon the subject that we are to be judged for our most secret thoughts. Not only our acts and our words but our thoughts are to be brought to light, and how careful and watchful this ought to make us.'

"Another instance of Mr. Minturn's generosity and sense of brotherhood was evidenced at this time by his accidentally discovering that an English clergyman, (a hard-working man in a neglected part of London,) who was passing some time at St. Moritz, was about to leave sooner than he desired for want of means. Mr. Minturn

at once arranged that his stay should be prolonged, meeting his expenses and contributing in many ways to his comfort and ease."

The same friend who wrote these few recollections of Mr. Minturn's kind acts at St. Moritz, in another letter says, "I love to dwell on the memory of our departed friend, to study his beautiful character, and to keep his bright example ever before me for profit and imitation. On reading to-day some of the prayers he had marked in the book he used last winter, and afterwards sent to me, I was more than ever impressed with their significance, both as to their answers with regard to himself, as well as in his deep humility and consciousness of imperfection. The following closing sentence of one of the prayers was certainly answered in his case—'that walking faithfully before Thee all my days, and being found watching when my appointed time shall come, I may from a life of righteous-

ness be translated to a life of glory, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.' Another passage he had marked was—'Do nothing but what thou wouldst be found doing when Christ shall come to judge thee; and live every day as if it were thy last, and the very next to eternity.' In reading many passages it seems to me as if Mr. Minturn had a foreshadowing that he was not to remain with us here much longer."

The same correspondent, in another letter, says—"At this moment occurs to me a remark made by a person at St. Moritz. She requested me one day not to allow the servant to change our seats (Mr. Minturn's and mine) at the table, for she said, 'I want that Mr. Minturn should sit where I can see his face. I do not want him to talk with me,' (she was a free-thinker,) 'but I like to watch his expression, he looks so good.' She was willing to acknowledge the Christian's seal as shown in the expression given him by the purity and holiness

of his life, yet in her own case refused a belief in that religion which was the foundation of our friend's happiness."

CHAPTER XII.

Before Mr. Minturn went abroad, he had found some trouble with his eyes; and one of his objects in again crossing the Atlantic was to consult Dr. Graffe in Berlin. The opinion, however, of a distinguished oculist in London had corroborated that already given by Dr. Agnew of New York, —namely, that the vision of one eye was partially lost, and that it was only through strict attention to his general health that he could hope to retain his sight. This could not but be a source of uneasiness to himself and family. The writer well remembers on one occasion at his daughter's house, how, at evening prayers, he turned the book in various lights and finding himself unable to

read the text, closed and laid it down with a look of beautiful submission that went to the heart of those who observed it. This threatened loss of sight increased his tenderness for all those who suffered from blindness. He was never known to pass a blind person, without bestowing charity, while some of his oldest and most regular pensioners were the blind.

Mr. Minturn rejoined his family in London, and there they met their eldest daughter and family, who had come abroad for the summer. During their stay in that city, Mr. Minturn paid his last visit to his old friend, Mr. Joshua Bates. He was staying at the beautiful residence of his daughter, Madame Van de Weyer, built for her by her father, who was at that time on the verge of the grave. He received Mr. Minturn with marks of unusual affection, and recited with much feeling the oft-quoted lines of Shakespeare — "These lofty towers these gorgeous palaces, etc." — realizing,

doubtless, that very soon for him the glory and grandeur of earth was to "fade like the baseless fabric of a vision, and leave not a wreck behind." This visit was on Thursday, and on the following Saturday Mr. Bates had ceased to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Minturn visited the family of the future husband of their second daughter, in Somersetshire. In October she was married to the Rev. Charles Penrose Quicke, in the chapel of Auckland Castle, the residence of Bishop Baring, of Durham, which was thrown open on the occasion to all Mr. Minturn's family and friends: a kindness warmly appreciated.

During their absence in Europe, Mr. Minturn had often spoken of Bishop Whipple, and had written to urge him to come to England, on account of his health, saying at the same time to one of his family—"I know no better way to serve God than to do what I can to preserve the life of one so useful in His service."

Bishop Whipple arrived in England just in time, by travelling very rapidly, to be present at the marriage above named, and when it was over, he accompanied Mr. Minturn and his daughter Edith on an excursion into Scotland. The sketch here annexed of that journey is from the Bishop's pen.

"In writing out a few reminiscences of a journey in Scotland," he says, "Mr Minturn loved the church with all his heart, and yet his catholic temper and spirit made him love all who love the Lord Jesus. We spent a Sunday in the Highlands, in the family of a member of the Free Kirk. The quiet devotion of the household, their reverence at family prayer, the hearty way in which master and servants joined in singing the old Scotch Psalms, not less than the love and affection of the household for each other, deeply impressed Mr. Minturn. He said to me, as we left, 'I am so thankful to God we have

spent the Sunday here. It makes me love them to see how they love the Saviour.'

"At Spean Bridge we stopped for luncheon at a road-side inn, in the midst of the Highlands. As we left, a fishing-rod reminded him of my love for this gentle sport, and he proposed that we should remain a few days. He entered heartily into the sport, and was quite enthusiastic over the success of Edith and myself in taking salmon. He quite won the hearts of the people by his kind interest in all their plans. He helped poor Sandy to buy a cow. He sent to America for fishing-tackle for the keeper of the stream; and finding that the poor inn-keeper's daughter was a great sufferer from decayed teeth, took her with us to Inverness, a journey of a hundred miles, and paid an excellent dentist to put them in order, sending the poor girl home with pleasant memories of her American friend.

"While in Edinburg he said to me, I

have always heard terrible stories of the destitution of the closes in Edinburg, will you go with me to-night to see their wretchedness?' We took with us the chief of police, and a resident of the city, and from dark until midnight were climbing into dark attics, or diving into dark cellars. It was a sight to make angels weep. We all tried to point these poor sinful creatures to 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' Of course, my friend emptied his pockets again and again. We knelt in prayer by the bedside of some dying creature. We met one case of an English girl, baptized and confirmed in the church, who was living in shame; and in another place, found two children, brought up to a life of infamy, dying of disease. The next day he said to me: 'Could you find some clergyman here who would rescue these poor creatures, and teach them of the Saviour, if you had the means? I feel as if God had led me there

to help them.' He gave me a draft for a very considerable sum, and was overjoyed when I told him his wish was accomplished.

"One thing impressed me much—his personal self-denial. If he had Edith or myself with him, no pains or expense was spared to minister to our pleasure. If alone, he always dined on a simple lunch, or travelled by second class carriage, and always took the amount he had saved, and gave to some poor soul, or dropped it in the alms-chest of the nearest Church. His friend sometimes rebuked his self-denial, but his answer was: 'It is the only way I can deny myself for the Saviour's sake. When I give money, merely, it is no sacrifice; but this helps me to show my love.'

"In London we visited one of the church lodging-houses for the poor, near St. Giles I remarked to the young gentleman in charge, 'I suppose you seldom find Americans here,' he said, 'Very seldom; but I think we have one now.' Mr. Minturn

asked me to examine the case, and on learning that it was a case of real poverty, and that the young man would be glad to go back to America, he gave him an order for his passage, and provided means to care for him until the ship sailed.

"He was the most judicious man I ever knew in his benefactions, and would refuse the dearest friend quite as readily as a stranger, if he did not approve the plan. He often violated this rule, when it came to cases of apparent suffering, and once said to me, 'I gave to him not for his sake, but for my own, lest my heart should be harder for refusal when my sympathies were touched.'

"In every city which we visited, that which interested him most was the work for the poor; and many a time I have known him to walk for hours to see some blessed work for Christ among the fallen. He visited parishes of every shade of churchmanship where this work was going

on; and seemed to forget everything he did not approve, if he could only see that the church was doing her Master's work for the sinful sons of men.

"In his many conversations with me, I thought him most charitable in his estimate of others, and often heard from his lips hearty praise of the work of those from whom I knew he differed. I remember that once I received a letter which gave me great pain, for it told me of the sufferings of some of my clergy, and the anxiety of others with regard to their work. He insisted on having 'the privilege,' as he called it, 'of relieving the necessities of his brethren,' and the only stipulation was that he should be unknown."

In the Bishop's Annual Address, delivered before the Diocesan Convention, June 13th, 1866, he says: "The Diocese has lost one of its dearest friends in the death of Robert B. Minturn, of New York. It was his kindness that provided me with

the means to visit England. He has long been the devoted friend of our western missionaries.

"I never knew a purer or a more guileless man. I never knew one whose heart had more sympathy for others; a strict churchman, without a shade of bigotry, a holy man, with the rarest humility, an almoner for God who gave by stealth, in secret. The friend of all who work for Christ, his monument is in the hearts of God's people, and his reward in heaven."

We would gladly add to these remarks some most interesting anecdotes, told by Mr. Minturn about his much valued friend, but they must be left for his own biography, which we trust may not be written for many years to come.

Mrs. Minturn, after bidding adieu to her eldest daughter, who embarked from Liverpool, went to the future residence of the bride, to see it prepared for her reception; and in about a month welcomed her within

its pleasant walls. Late in the autumn Mrs. Minturn rejoined her husband and her daughter Edith in London. Soon afterwards they all paid a visit to one of the most charming and luxurious country-seats in England, where art and skill have combined with nature, to produce a perfect home. Here they were most gracefully entertained with genial hospitality, in return for some little kindness on their side of the Atlantic. Then the party returned to Ashbrittle Rectory, in Somersetshire, to pass the remainder of the winter—a happy family group. Mr. Minturn occupied himself in beautifying the grounds around the rectory, and in doing parish work with the rector. The poor people looked upon him as a sort of good genius, a combined physician and friend, and they told him all their troubles of body and mind, to both of which he ministered. We quote from one of his letters to a friend a short notice of Christmas at Ashbrittle. "We had a

very pleasant Christmas here, assembling eighty or ninety poor people to a dinner in the school-rooms, concluded by music and a dance. It was probably the most cheerful day of the year to them. The children, too, had a very jolly time, with a beautiful Christmas tree, the like of which they had never seen before."

The rectory stands in the sweet seclusion of a fragrant garden, which slopes down to the greenest meadows; and from the windows the eye is blessed with a range of diversified hills and dales, as picturesque and richly cultivated as any in the beautiful south of England. The repose of this home, with the opportunity of discussing matters of theological interest with one whose studies had been for years engaged on those subjects, was a constant enjoyment to Mr. Minturn. Many pleasant hours were passed in social intercourse with the kind and cultivated people living in the neighborhood of Ashbrittle, and it is grati-

fying to know how fully his character was appreciated by these new friends. Mr. Minturn also enjoyed frequent visits from his nephew, Cornelius Grinnell, to whom he was much attached, and whose exceeding kindness and amiability made him always a welcome guest. His daughter Edith accompanied him on a trip into Dorsetshire, to hunt up the pedigree of the Minturn family, which had existed there for many centuries.

There are still two villages called Minturn Major and Minor, in that county, and a large house called Minturn House. They heard anecdotes and traditions of the family, which, as far as they could learn, is extinct in the male line in England. In a pedigree of the family, 1681, one of its members was absent in Virginia; and there is a record still extant of a large emigration from Dorsetshire, in 1672, to the Eastern States; so, that although the immediate link was not found, Mr. Minturn was greatly inter-

ested in learning every particular of those who might be, he thought, his possible progenitors.*

A short visit to London in the spring enabled Mr. Minturn to see again some of his valued friends, before he embarked for America. Among them a business friend, who had passed much of his life in the United States, and had married there, Mr. William Pickersgill, was visited at his beautiful home in Kent, where nearly the whole of the night was spent in reviewing the experiences of their youth, and in reminiscences of the past.

On their way back to Ashbrittle, Mr. Minturn and his family paused for a night at Coleshill House, the residence of one of his oldest English friends. It was his last visit to a home where he had been so warmly welcomed each time that he had been in England, and to a friend who, we know, cherishes his memory with true affection and esteem.

* See Appendix.

But the time approached for a return to the United States. It was a sad thing to say farewell to the dear child whose home was now to be in England. As it was spoken, she said: "Oh! father, I shall never see you again." These words proved but too prophetic, and chilled those who heard them for the moment, although at the time her father was so well, that all who saw him thought he had taken a new lease of life, and that many years of usefulness were still before him.

After stopping two days in Wales, and visiting another of his old English friends, a visit which gave much happiness to Mr. Minturn, marked as it was by such exceeding kindness, and spending one day with some charming acquaintance near Manchester, he and his family embarked for New York in the Scotia, on 22d of April.

For a fortnight before leaving England, the news from the United States had been intensely interesting, as the rapid advance

of the Northern troops was bringing about a close to the dreadful war, which for four long years had caused so much suffering and distress. Before the travellers quitted England they heard the decided intelligence that the struggle was over. This caused evident disappointment to those who had sympathized with the South; but, of course, carried Mr. Minturn and his family home with lightened hearts.

During his absence abroad, he had been able to exert much influence in circles where it was of importance to give a correct view of the Northern position, and the true sentiments of our people. He not only exerted this influence continually in conversation and in correspondence, but also persuaded a friend, whose pen he knew to be powerful, to aid him in disabusing the minds of those holding incorrect opinions, who have since been obliged to acknowledge how greatly they were mistaken and how just were Mr. Minturn's views.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SAD shock awaited the arrival of the Scotia. When the vessel reached the Narrows and the pilot came on board, and the passengers were in that state of excitement and suspense always experienced when drawing near home, and expecting news of friends, not knowing whether it is to be good or bad, the captain called all together on deck, and announced that President Lincoln had been assassinated. This terrible announcement fell like a thunderbolt; the moment can never be forgotten. Had they been told that any of those nearest to them had paid the debt of nature in the ordinary way, it could not have been a greater shock than this dreadful news gave

to all on board. Every cheek was blanched, eyes filled with tears, and those who had passed ten days together on that steamer, grasped each others hands in sympathy, as if each had a common sorrow.

This clouded the return home, which had promised to be so bright. As they drove through the streets of New York, the buildings were all draped in black. It was truly a mournful spectacle, and it was with tears, rather than smiles, that they received the kindly greeting of their friends.

On account of this public sorrow, great hesitation was felt in calling together the friends of the family a few weeks after, to be present at the wedding of the dear child, whose happiness had been deferred until she could be married in her father's house. But the wedding took place the following month ; and for the last time in Mr. Minturn's life, all that he knew and loved, who could be, were gathered under his roof, to witness the commencement of

a new bond, which was to last for so short a time here below.*

Few individuals have had, perhaps, at one moment of their lives, such a combination of worldly prosperity as filled the cup of him whose memoir we write. He constantly spoke of it with feelings of the most unbounded gratitude, only equalled by the humility with which he accepted it. Four new households were within ten minutes' walk from his own door; and, at the time of which we now speak, the one only drawback to his complete happiness, was the absence of his dear daughter in England.

A letter of introduction had been presented to Mr. Minturn on board the Scotia by the Rev. James Frazer, the present Bishop of Manchester, who was about to visit our country to inspect the working of the present school system and make a report of it in England.

* This beloved and accomplished young creature, Edith Minturn Sands, died at the age of twenty-three, on a voyage to the East, in the Indian Ocean, on the 7th of January, 1868.

Mr. Frazer was a frequent guest at Mr. Minturn's house that summer; and we have received his consent to publish a letter from him, written after Mr. Minturn's death, showing the impression his character made upon a comparative stranger:

"UPTON RECTORY, READING, ENGLAND,
"*Ascension-Day, May 10th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. MINTURN,—Your letter of the 27th of April, received and read by me this morning, cast for the moment a dark cloud over the brightness of this church-festival.

"It was with deep sorrow that I learned that one whose 'noble life,' as you so justly and proudly call it, bore such consistent witness to that festival's great doctrine, that those who are really risen with Christ seek those things which are above—one, too, whom I had been drawn to respect and almost to love as I have respected few whom I have known for so short a time, had been suddenly struck down, now just

four months ago, by the hand of death I feared, too, that my former letter (which I little dreamed when I wrote it he was never to receive) might by some rude jar have caused pain to hearts still bleeding in the greenness of their wounds. Pray accept for yourself, and convey to your mother and your family, the expression of my heartfelt and respectful sympathy. The tale you have so simply told me of your father's last deeds and thoughts, affected me deeply; so did the eloquent and deserved tribute, paid to his memory in the obituary notices which you enclosed, so did the photograph, vividly recalling his well-remembered features, which I shall treasure not the least valued among the portraits of my friends. I am grateful that you supposed I should be pleased to possess such a memorial of one whose kindness to me, while I was in America, can never be forgotten.

"One of the highest lessons I learned in your country was from the spectacle of

noble public spirit, animated and governed by the purest motives, which appeared to me to actuate your best citizens; and in your father it shone with all the higher lustre of a philanthropy based on Christian principles. Providence hath blessed him with wealth, and his wealth was as old Pindar has it

'Πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς δεδαι δαλμένος,
Φέρων τῶν τε καί τῶν καιρόν.'

He never seems willingly to have missed an opportunity of doing all the good he could; and that story told of his carrying in his arms the poor fever-stricken emigrant, indicates at once the courage and tenderness of his character. Such a life is in the highest sense exemplary.

"In my own intercourse with your father, I could feel distinctly what is noticed by the writer who has so justly estimated his worth, the secret indefinable charm exercised over those who came within the range

of his influence by the high tone of his character, its transparent, simple, unaffected goodness. I do not know when I spent pleasanter or more profitable days than those which, through his and your mother's kindness, I was privileged to spend at Hastings, just before I returned home, where I met Bishop Whipple, Mr. Brace, Mr. Hartley, and others, all animated by the same high unselfish motive that characterized him. His name will never be mentioned among you but with reverence and pride. Of all sorrow, the one most supportable is that which our own lamented Keble calls

> 'the holy sorrow
> When good men cease to live.'

To the lips of every one who knew your father's life, the prayer involuntarily will spring, 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.'

"Yours most sincerely,

"JAMES FRAZER."

This year, 1865, was a most remarkable one in Mr. Minturn's life. It seemed as if the new vigour and comparative health to which he had been restored was only given him to complete the work which still remained for him to do. He renewed intimacies, exchanged visits with old friends, and made pleasant excursions; several with his friend, Mr. Alfred Pell. This friendship had existed from childhood, and had been greatly strengthened in latter years, by the affectionate interest Mr. Pell always manifested in the health and happiness of Mr. Minturn, doing all he could to contribute to his pleasure and recreation.

But all the time, Mr. Minturn was steadily, busily, employed in setting his "house in order." His private papers, his correspondence, which had never been so extensive and so varied as at this period,—his business matters, his extensive charities, all received attention, and all were found after his death in such a condition as to prevent

either trouble or anxiety. As we have previously stated one of his latest acts was placing in other hands the land so long held for the purpose of making it useful for charitable institutions. His visits to his friends were all marked by peculiar tenderness and kindness; and his heart seemed overflowing with "love to God and good will to man." As one little instance of this, we must record the personal care he gave, when the Rev. E. T. Cook, who had been his ward, was removed this summer by typhoid fever. Mr. Minturn went to the city at once, made every arrangement for the comfort of the other members of the family, some of whom were ill, wished to have a part of them removed to his own city house, and ordered that certain refreshments should be taken to them daily from a confectioner's. It was this constant fulfilment of the law of kindness by innumerable little acts of the most delicate thoughtfulness, that showed his special character,

and did so much for the happiness of the human family. He took great interest in all his young friends. At one time during this summer, on hearing of the engagement of a young lady, intimate with his daughters, he sat down instantly and wrote her a note of congratulation. He was keenly alive to all that was pleasant, or the reverse, among young people; and his impressions were painful, as he observed the growth of extravagance in dress in the streets of New York. He spoke of it with regret, saying, "Why will they destroy natural gifts by loading themselves with finery."

As he thus interested himself with the gentle sex, so also did he with his young men friends. There was always a cordial interest manifested which was certain to win affection. This cannot be better exemplified than by one or two remarks made in letters of condolence from these young men after Mr. Minturn's death. One says: "He was my father's most esteemed

friend, and one to whom I had always looked as to the fairest earthly model by which a young man could guide his life." Another writes: "Poor consolation as it may be to you at present, in the future it will be a source of just pride, to remember how unanimous has been the cry of sorrow and the tribute of praise called forth by the death of your father. One of the noblest of men, and the most upright of merchants, he has left behind a glorious example and memory. I feel that I can add nothing to the universal tribute paid him, or to the many eulogies all of which fall short of his deserts. I can but feel his great kindness to me at all times, and the ready sympathy with which, when I first entered business, he welcomed me, to use his own words, 'to the guild of merchants.' I shall never forget that his voice was the first to bid me God-speed in my new career. I trust never to dishonour the interest he showed in me."

We might dwell, perhaps unwisely, on the many points of interest to those most nearly related to Mr. Minturn; but we cannot forbear to mention again, that during this last year, there was such an evident desire to spread happiness on all around him, as was very remarkable. His time had been so engrossed by business formerly, that he was often prevented from giving attention to minor matters in his own home. Now he seemed to think of everything and of every one. The new households of his children were continually gladdened by his presence, and enriched by his gifts. New Year's day, 1866, he called on his elder relatives and more intimate friends; and it was noticed by several of them, that his visits were of an especially interesting and even instructive character, and that he seemed reluctant to say farewell. His eldest daughter, who had been too much out of health, during her married life, to collect her friends around her in any number, had proposed

doing so early this new year. Her father entered earnestly into her plans, and promised to give her all the aid he could, by his presence and in other ways. And in connection with this season of the year, we must not omit to mention his annual testimony to the value of missions, in which he always showed the deepest interest, it being his custom to give a large donation, appropriate to his means, and to his sense of the obligation of every Christian to fulfil the commands of our Lord—"Go preach the Gospel"—on the occasion of the Epiphany offering, in the church of the Holy Communion, a service which has always been marked by its beauty and interest. Thus while conferring happiness on those immediately around him, we find him not omitting the weightier duties of the Christian.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the morning of the 7th of January, Mr. Minturn attended his own church, the Holy Communion, and remained to partake of the Sacrament, which had been his habit for a long period, on each returning Sunday. He always considered this a most inestimable privilege, remarking to one who was with him, on one occasion, that "he fully believed in the real presence, not, of course, in the elements, but in the spiritual reception of the Sacrament."

Between the services that day, he called on all his children, and in the afternoon accompanied his son, and other members of his family, to a small new church, in the upper part of the city, in which his son had

been interested. On his way there and back, his children remonstrated with him for moving so carelessly over the ice. But he seemed so buoyant and bright, they said, and as he walked he spoke most kindly of this effort to establish a church, excusing the ritualistic tendencies which were so apparent. We may, however, feel very sure, that had he lived to see the extent to which this imitating the externals of Romanism had been carried, without the apologies we may make for the Romish Church, he would have withdrawn his sanction from what he thought might be tolerated, in the hope of effecting good.

Mrs. Minturn's sister had returned the latter part of December from England, and brought recent news, gratifying to Mr. Minturn, who drank in greedily every word about the dear daughter and the infant grandchild over the Atlantic. Mrs. Minturn's aunts, and a very dear friend of all, Miss Laura Savage, were guests at this

time; and on that Sunday evening, a happy family circle was gathered together, little dreaming of the shadow in the background.

The morning of Monday the 8th, was one of the most intense cold that had been known for years. Mrs. Minturn would have persuaded her husband not to go out, but he would never be influenced by arguments which affected only himself.

He had been much interested in making large purchases with his valued friend, Mr. John C. Green, and other gentlemen, for the freedmen, then suffering extremely, at the South. He had attended personally to these purchases, and this morning was occupied in completing and sending off the articles.

But before leaving his house to go down town, he had visited every room in it, to see himself that every member of his family was comfortable, and protected from the cold. He went up to the apartment of an aged coloured servant, who was cared for in

the house; down to the kitchen, to the laundry, urging the servants who were obliged to go in and out to protect themselves from the cold by extra clothing. And he did not forget the shivering poor in the frozen streets, but gave strict orders to have large supplies of tea and soup kept hot all day, that if any beggars came to the door, they might for a moment, at least, be made warm and comfortable.

At the counting-house, his sons remarked, after the middle of the day, that he was not well, but found it difficult to persuade him to leave. When remonstrated with, he said, "God has been very good to me; I must do what I can for Him." When he left the office to go home, he turned and said, "Have I done everything?" *He had.* His work in life was ended. He entered the omnibus with some difficulty; and before proceeding far, his son, observing that something was amiss, stopped with him on the way, and procuring assistance, placed him in a car-

riage, and brought him home. But his farewell had been said in the morning. Medical aid was called in; his children all gathered together, and in or about that room watched for the last sigh, which came about one o'clock, on the morning of the 9th.

At an early hour the sad news went swiftly through the town. Among the beloved friends who saw the cherished remains, while still lying as if in a calm and happy sleep on his usual couch, was his old friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. As he gazed with emotion at what, so short a time before, would have greeted him with a cordial welcome, he said, "Truly he was a priest anointed of God."

It had been the often expressed wish of Mr. Minturn, that he might die in the country, and be quietly placed in his grave, without a concourse of friends. But that was not to be; and while he lay in his marble beauty, with a heavenly expression on his

face, the house was continually besieged by those who came to look upon that face for the last time. Friends came from distant cities; and one who had known and loved him for many years, remarked, "Robert's is a beautifully finished life."

On the day of the funeral, the Holy Communion, a church of many memories, was far too small to hold the concourse of mourners; not half the number could enter the building. The chants were sung, and the hymn which he had repeated on awaking a few mornings before, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

The sermon was simply this: Dr. Muhlenberg read the 8th verse of the vi. chapter of Micah: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God;" and then added, "THUS DID HE."

On the Sunday morning following, Dr. Muhlenberg devoted the whole of the ser-

mon to the memory of his beloved friend. It is a difficult task to sum up such a character as Mr. Minturn's; one of such delicate organization, of such acute sensibilities. It has been beautifully sketched by many who knew him as he was known to the world; but we feel that the task is not done, nor the example made sufficiently forcible, did we not say *what we know*, that his was a character which time, patience, effort and trial had perfected. He was an impetuous and impulsive youth; but as an aged relative once remarked, "it was a great blessing that his impulses were good." He learned so well how to control them, that he became remarkable for his caution and prudence. Like other young people, he was ambitious, and his great success must have had its influence upon his feelings of pride and self-satisfaction. He, nevertheless, studiously avoided display and self-indulgence, and his principle and habit was, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

As he advanced in life, and wealth increased, there was, doubtless, the same temptation to accumulate, inevitable under such circumstances, for the habits of care and economy, which are for the most part the foundation of a fortune, lead later in life to a clinging to that which has been thus acquired. But if subject to this temptation with others, it was most successfully combatted; and the duty of giving largely, carefully, consistently, and systematically, left no room for the indulgence of such a passion as avarice. Indeed, the last few years of his life, he seemed as if he would divest himself of that which he feared perhaps might tie his spirit to earth. He was naturally and impulsively generous; but as he grew older, his charities became a source of anxiety and care, as he felt so great a responsibility in the method and manner of giving. He entirely approved of systematic charity, although he sometimes indulged in giving where his feelings were touched.

There was ever with him a growing inner life. Often, when speaking of the active benevolence which had led him to occupy himself with schemes for the benefit of his fellow men, he has said, "The work of salvation is within us." Again, at other times, "The great work which we have to do, is to watch over our thoughts, and the motives which influence our actions." This study of himself caused such a depth of humility, as is rarely seen. Nothing was so painful to him as praise; he shrank from it as others do from censure.

There was no false enthusiasm, and no self-righteousness in his religion. It was Faith and Works, alternately, illustrated by each other. His character had gradually grown into that spiritual stature to which we see few attain on earth. During the last few years of his life, his reading had been almost entirely confined to the Scriptures, and commentaries upon them; particularly upon the gospels, the epistles, and the

psalms. He was so much interested in Milman's Church History, at the time of his death, that in the holiday week which just preceded it, when he saw that all others were occupying themselves happily, he would slip away into his library, and enjoy himself with this book.

His life had been one of prayer, but increasingly so for a long period, until at last he literally "prayed without ceasing." In the railroad cars, when travelling, or when sitting quietly, as he thought, unobserved, one would see his eyes often closed, and his lips moving. His family prayers were most earnest, while his morning and evening private devotions were never omitted.

Thus, from youth to manhood, shunning the dangers of such separate and inevitable temptation which accompanies the pilgrim of life, he has fought the good fight, he has finished his course; and without one doubt, we write, that "henceforth there is laid up

for him a crown, which the Lord the righteous God will give him in that day."

The following beautiful tribute was offered by the Rev. Mr. Randall, rector of St. Albans:

"Of him, who, since last Lord's day, has been advanced to glory, without an approach to conventional hyperbole, it may be said, with boldness, that 'when the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him. His judgment was as a robe and a diadem. In very truth, he was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame; and the cause which he knew not, he searched it out.'

"Right dear in the sight of the Lord

must have been the death of one who so walked in love. Transporting welcome from the company of those who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours, awaiting in Paradise the full measure of a great reward—must he have received whose departure hence has too truly proved the general bereavement.

"The world will, doubtless, with pride pay tribute to his unblemished reputation, throughout its own province; to his unquestioned and unquestionable integrity in its own sphere; to his high social position, and his remarkable taste, to his broad observation and his solid understanding; but the church, wherein he was new born to God, will remember mostly, and will dwell with more than a mother's thankfulness upon his gentleness, goodness, and guilelessness of heart; his deep devotion to Jesus, his only master, his loving care of those who, in this *like Jesus*, had not where to lay their heads.

'"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."'

CHAPTER XV.

The Rev. Dr. Cook, of St. Bartholomew's, in preaching a funeral discourse from the 14th verse of the 2d chapter of Titus, "Who gave himself for us that he might purify unto himself a peculiar people," closed the sermon thus:

"A man has just passed from our midst, whose prominence in social position, and in the high qualities which give force and value to character, made more distinctive the peculiar traits of the Christian to which the text refers. Standing almost alone in his devotion to the things which the Saviour has commanded, he was enabled to resist the selfish and worldly views, and practices which here obtain, and to live

a high and pure and holy life, all above the range of most of his associates and friends. While they were living for this world, he was living for another; with the clear eye of faith he discerned the things which cannot be moved, and with the full heart of love he sought to do the work to which the Master called him. Many and long ago were the years in which he learned the lesson that there was more honour and reward in putting shoes upon the feet of a ragged child, than in calling the rich to a feast, or in heaping up money, without knowledge of, or regard to, its future history and uses.

"That lesson gave shape and colour to his life. An earnest, and intelligent, and devoted Christian, he has long been known to this community as the foremost man in all schemes of benevolence, and as the foremost layman of the church to which he belonged. Where there was good to be done, in an intelligent and proper manner,

there was he always to be found, either in person or by his gifts. He did not wait to be asked or solicited, but, keeping his eye upon everything that was in progress for the good of man, his strong hand of help would come when least expected, and his kind voice and smile would cheer up and sustain those who were faint and discouraged in their work. Thus did he arrest many a trembling cause, and save it from defeat. He never ceased—he never stopped—he was alive and at work for the Lord, in all places, at all times, in all forms; now pouring thousands of dollars into the collection-plate for missions, and the next day at the bed-side of a sick man, his hands filled with little comforts for the body, while he talked to him of what the Saviour had done for his soul. The fact that he had given to one thing was never with him a reason why he should not give to another; he was as likely to do a noble act to-day, after having done one yesterday

and to do something noble to-morrow, after doing the same to-day. This was his principle, his aim, his life, his love, the fulness of his mind and heart, thankful for the means, and glad of the opportunity.

"He was not careless or impatient; he *looked into* things, and saw what he was doing. If a man from some distant section of the land called upon him at his place of business, in relation to some work, school, college, church, building, or some such thing, he would ask him, if he did not understand the application, to meet him at his house; and sometimes he would spend hours with him in reading his papers, discussing his plans, and gaining a full knowledge of his work. Then he would advise him, as well as aid him, sometimes taking such an interest as almost to make the cause his own. Very few subscription books left the city without having his mark in them; while he knew more of the plans and prospects which they represented than almost any

other man. Where he was in all the good works of our city is well known, where he has been for years foremost in zeal and liberality, ready, kind, patient, willing—anything for the cause of Christ, and the good of man.

Below all this, at its foundation, was his clear and strong and humble Christian character, an abiding faith in the truths of his holy religion, a living upon its hopes and promises, Christ 'all and in all' his joy and portion.

"When we think upon his work, in its constancy, and range, and variety, we are reminded of what Edmund Burke said of the life of Howard, 'It was a circumnavigation of charity.' But the voyage is ended, the sails are furled, and all is still.

"I see that the public are not unmindful of his worth and of their loss. Who is to stand for him in the days to come? Alas—*who?* Labour, toil, love—once; now—rest, peace, joy. 'Thou hast been faithful

over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

In Bishop Potter's Annual Address to his diocese for the year 1866, he writes—'The Church, in this city and diocese, and indeed in the country at large, for there was no limit to his benefactions and his kindly offices, will ever keep enrolled high on the scroll of her worthies, the name of Robert B. Minturn.

"It were useless to speak of what every one knows, except to gratify our own loving and grateful instincts, and to proclaim the glories of the Church. He often sought concealment in his good works, and many of them will be disclosed only when the veil shall be taken away from all human things. But frequently they were too full of blessings to endure the secrecy to which they were consigned. The effects appeared, and grateful hearts would speak in spite of prohibitions. How many churches all over

the land have risen in part through his offerings, and his efficient encouragement! In hundreds of holy places, North, East, West, and South, the stones cry out from the walls to speak his praise. It was largely due to him that so many free churches arose to afford equal privileges to all and to direct attention to some of the abuses connected with the sale and renting of pews. There might be times when the warmest of friends differed from him as to views of duty, but there never was any possibility of doubting the earnest uses and sincerity of his convictions.

"His worldly business, during much of his life, made large demand upon his time and thoughts, but he always found leisure to serve on numerous committees connected with the Church or with general works of benevolence; and above all he always found time to give a large number of poor persons a most patient, minute, and painstaking attention.

"This last feature of his character, considering the pressing nature of his engagements, was something more remarkable than anything I ever observed in any other person. And besides these more private ministries among the poor, we all know how devotedly he laboured for several years, and how much he exposed himself in his exertions among the emigrants while serving as one of the commissioners.

"To the clergy he was the kindest of friends. Not a few of them, when exhausted by toil and care, have found relief largely through his kind agency, in a foreign excursion. Of St. Luke's Hospital he was one of the earliest and most active supporters, and he continued to preside over its Board of Trustees until removed by death.

"Excuse this feeble tribute from one who for thirty years experienced his kindness, who was an attentive and admiring observer of his life and labours, and who,

toward the end, was surprised by a crowning testimony of his unfailing interest and good-will; unsolicited, and almost as if for a parting act of kindness, he, a year ago, stretched out a generous hand in an effort to sustain hopes which now lie buried in the grave."

CHAPTER XVI.

From a very large mass of letters received by the family after Mr. Minturn's death, we publish a few nearly entire, and quote from others passages which give evidence of his peculiar character, and of the way in which it was appreciated by all with whom he came in contact. This may seem needless after the perusal of his life, and yet we would fain leave nothing undone which will make more evident the beauty of that life, and more forcible its example.

The first selection is from a note of Bishop Potter's, written on the 9th of January—"I went immediately to look upon that dear face and to see if in any way I could minister any aid or comfort.

Such beauty of expression in death I never saw before. How well it answered to the life! And how it made me feel that for him there was no need to mourn, much as we might and must mourn for ourselves. Thirty years last June, I think, were passed away since I united you in the sacred bonds. How much you have to thank God for! And how much in him I have to be thankful for. He has been a kind friend in a thousand ways, and I have enjoyed through him unnumbered privileges, the greatest of all, the privilege of knowing him intimately, and of learning from his example."

The following letter is from Mr. George D. Morgan of Irvington, written on the 15th of January, to Mr. R. B. Minturn:

"DEAR SIR,—I greatly mourn the death of your dear honoured father. He was the best man I ever knew. During the closing weeks of his life I saw much of him in connection with the Freedmen's Commis-

sion, and while we were together for almost a whole day in Brooklyn, purchasing clothing for the freedmen, we had a delightful conversation, in which he spoke of the enjoyment he had had in residing in the country the past season, of his winter's residence in England, and most of all he dwelt upon his Saviour, of the unsatisfying nature of this life, and of the preciousness of heaven. I shall always hold in sacred remembrance these and many other words that now seem almost prophetic to my mind. I received a note from him dated on the 8th instant, written in haste, if not in suffering, probably but a few hours before his departure, asking me to meet him the next day. The blessed legacy of his pure example, and of his noble character, will comfort you even in the midst of your great affliction."

Bishop Whipple writes to Mr. John Minturn, on the 20th of January, as follows :

"My Dear Friend,—Your letter confirmed my fears, and brought me the sad tidings that your valued father is dead. No, not dead—he is only gone before; he lives here in all our hearts, in all his blessed deeds, in all the seed sown, which will bear a harvest. He lives in the rest of the people of God. To him it is great gain; death never is sudden to servants with garments girded. He was always busy. He was the most unselfish man I ever knew. His quiet example always made me ashamed that I did not do more. I feel that I owe him my life and the new lease which God seems mercifully to have given me. If he was so dear to me, if I could feel as if half I had on earth was buried in his grave, what must he not have been to you, who had known him so many years—who grew up under his loving eye, who had his daily counsel, who knelt with him in prayer! It will be a dark sorrow for you, but such a life is full of immortality. Nature may

make kind, generous, noble men, but it is only the grace of Christ which makes such a disciple as your dear father.

"I never knew a man who had so much of Christ's love for the suffering. He seemed to want to cradle the poor creatures in his arms. While I write I think of a visit we paid to the alleys of Edinburgh, and how tenderly he spoke to the wretched, and how gladly he gave to the poor who could be helped. The world is a better world because he lived in it, and I am sure many a child of sorrow will weep when they hear '*the poor man's friend*' is dead. There was another feature in his character, which none could know but those who are trying to do work for God. He always seemed to try to get a little of the load on his own shoulders. I know I shall always be a happier man for having known your father. His memory will be one of the comforts of my care-worn life, and I am sure that the rest of the people of God

will seem nearer, by the hope that through the pardoning mercy of the Saviour I may meet him again with all those who have overcome."

The following is from Bishop Bedell to Mrs. Minturn :

Gambia, Ohio, Jan. 12th, 1866.

"My Dear Friend,—In this hour of your deep sorrow, I trust it will be no intrusion for me to express Mrs. Bedell's and my own very sincere sympathy. Mr. Minturn was so universally honoured and respected in the church and beyond it ; so large-minded in his charities ; so devoted to every scheme which seemed to him to promise advancement to the cause of Christ, that the West has lost a friend, and we beyond the Alleghanies feel that we may mingle our grief with those who loved him nearer home.

"My own personal acquaintance with him, as you are aware, dates before my coming as pastor to New York. In all

my acquaintance he was the same conscientious, high-minded, benevolent, kindly man. I spent an hour with him on the 2d. We talked about many points in Western Missionary work. His heart seemed full of it. And, although he did not respond to the particular appeal which I presented, he declined with such evident conscientiousness, and with such singleness of purpose, that it diminished not an iota of my respect and affection. His face, although pale on that day, so beamed with his Master's love, that I sat longer talking with him than I ought. I do not regret it now, for the impression remains. And that calm and placid benevolent countenance is now lighted with a brighter radiance, as he looks on Him who bought him with his blood. It is but a little way across the flood—a step—a moment, and we pass into the world we are struggling for through this pilgrimage of faith. How near heaven comes to us when one so loved enters it.

"May the blessed Comforter sustain your heart, and cheer your loneliness. Remember me to those whom I used to know as children. I trust they are following the steps of their father, in the imitation of Jesus. My dear friend Louisa will feel the stroke keenly. Give her my love, and believe me, dear friend,

"Yours sincerely,

"G. T. BEDELL."

To another the same sympathetic pen addressed these words: "How sad, and yet how glorious, about Mr. Minturn. I am always divided in emotion at such a time. Work well done, rest begun. The service of the Saviour by faith completed, and the joys of sight commenced. Labours over, heaven realized. The world is pleasant when dear ones gather round you. But it has not much else attractive. Amidst a great deal of kindness and a great deal of goodness, there is an overwhelming amount of evil and of heartlessness. And after a

while so many whom we love are on the other side of the flood. And Christ is *there*, not here! And on the whole, with the Apostle, I have a desire to depart. Our friend Minturn has safely passed the boundary, beloved and honoured. Happy man, sorrowful we."

A gentleman of eminent position in California writes, January 22d:

"I could not, if I would, refrain from expressing to you my appreciation of the loss which has befallen your household in the removal of that profoundly good man and worthy Christian. What he was to you and your children, can only be known within the secrets of your own hearts, where he always dwelt, and where a stranger, like myself, can have no right to intrude.

"But you will pardon me, I trust, when I assure you that in Mr. Minturn's death I too am bereaved. At the age of sixteen only, a stranger in a strange city, he took

me kindly by the hand and assisted me. During a period of nearly seven years in his office, I felt myself particularly under his tuition and guidance. His influence upon me was always powerful and salutary. I never failed to find in him an earnest, ardent friend. I have never encountered a man so sincere in his devotion to great Christian principles, nor one who so steadily lived up to them. A thousand acts of charity came under my notice, which I suppose he withheld from the rest of the world. In his business intercourse, I had a chance to study the moving principles of his nature. They were principles of justice and truth. Those principles became engrafted, by daily contact, in my youthful mind. Since I have taken upon myself the duties and responsibilities of manhood, they have been my guiding star. I have, I believe, been useful in some degree to my fellow men; and have been honoured far above my deserts by positions of great confidence

and trust. If I have succeeded in any of the relations of life, the credit is not mine. It is chiefly his. To him I feel that I owe a debt which can never be repaid. For many years I have hoped that it would be practicable for me to return to New York, and express to him my deep gratitude for kindnesses bestowed upon me when kindnesses were, indeed, most precious. That privilege has been denied me. But I shall ever venerate his memory, and imitate his noble example; and in my poor feeble way, I offer at his tomb this tribute of my admiration of him as a man, my affection for him as a friend, and my reverence for him as a Christian."

This letter tells its own story: "While many associations, and public bodies, and private individuals have expressed to you and your family their grief over, and sympathy with you on account of, the death of Mr. Minturn, I feel a desire, as one of the humble classes who knew and loved him,

to give expression to you of my feelings, occasioned by his loss. Some seven years ago, I left my home in the West, to try and find employment in this city, and so allow me to be with my relatives. A few lines from his pen were the means of my obtaining a situation, and to him, under God, I owe the position which I now hold in one of the best commercial houses in this city. And ever since that first acquaintance with Mr. Minturn, a pleasant smile, a kind word or recognition from him, showed that he still took an interest in me."

A gentleman in Cuba, writing to a friend of Mr. Minturn's, says: "Never have I known a man who so readily ingratiated himself in one's confidence—one to whom I looked up as a pattern and guide in all that was good. There was such a rest and cheerfulness in everything about him. My acquaintance was of some thirty-eight years standing, and as time advanced it only added to my esteem and confidence."

The following quotations are from the letter of a lady friend in Utica: "I am sure it could not but gratify you, were you to see the interest manifested by many whose only knowledge of Mr. Minturn has been through his ceaseless deeds of kindness. One old neighbour sent for me directly after my return, to ask about his illness, and listened with the tears streaming over her face, saying, at the same time, that although she had never seen Mr. Minturn, yet she had such a regard for him, from what she had learned through her sons, who reside in town, that she felt as if she had lost a valued friend. Another lady spoke of her husband meeting with Mr. Minturn a few years ago, and subsequently saying to her, that he had never seen any person whose expression and manner so constantly suggested the words, 'the beauty of holiness.'"

Senator Foster, writing to Mrs. Minturn, says: "My acquaintance with him you have

lost was not long, nor had I a right to call it intimate. But I knew him long enough to respect, and honour, and love him. Who that knew him at all did not? All have heard of him as an honourable and successful merchant—liberal-minded, large-hearted, public-spirited, patriotic, benevolent, an ear quick to hear the appeals of the destitute and deserving, and a hand ever open to supply their wants—an accomplished Christian gentleman. When such a man dies, society loses a prop and an ornament.

"It is so recently that I was enjoying your delightful hospitality—the memory of his genial smile and cordial welcome is so vivid—that I cannot feel that he is dead. I weep with you, and I weep for you; but let us be thankful that we sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Senator Folger, in a letter to some connections of Mr. Minturn, says: "Though my acquaintance with Mr. Minturn was of the slightest, it was of the most agreeable; and I had learned some time ago to respect, nay, to revere him; for I never heard aught of him but sincere and admiring praise. And if to me, and to others like me, who knew so little of him, this seemed so sudden and severe a blow, how heavy and dreadful it must fall upon that loving and beloved family circle which had its orbit about him.

"If any expression of my sincere sympathy, in its deep affliction, can be of any value to the members of that family, please tender it for me in the fullest.

"His last thought of me was coupled with one of those benevolent purposes which have made him known as one of God's almoners — 'the law he wished passed.'"

A friend in China writes: "Alas! what is human sympathy to assuage sorrow so

heavily freighted? What word of mine can touch the sense of suffering? The only reconciliation of our heart and mind is found in the beneficent example of his career, terminated as it was, when as an exemplar he shone most resplendently; when, at the very height of his renown, he was seen of all men, with his faculties undimmed, or but mellowed, as it were, by a premature appearance of ripeness; when his usefulness was most widely felt; in short, when, as it seemed to all men, he could least be spared by his country, his city, and his kind. Then and thus taken away, the void is seen and felt of all. His memory is thence cherished; his example is emulated; his fellow-men benefited beyond measure. It is thus that I read the lesson of his life; the sublime meaning of his death."

A distinguished merchant in London says: "My intimacy with your late father was of a very early date; and from the beginning it was of so cordial a nature, that I

never felt happy in taking any important step without asking his advice, and I need not add that his advice was of the greatest service to me."

A young-lady cousin says: "Though we have had but little intercourse for the last few years, my loss is greater than you might suppose. You know Mr. Minturn had a warm affection for my parents, and his mother was so dear to me, that these ties were of themselves a strong bond. Of the still stronger one formed by his own loveliness of disposition, his noble character, and uniform kindness and affectionate manner to me, I need not dwell upon."

From a letter of sympathy, written by an English gentleman residing in this country, we quote the following sentences: "I feel your father's death as a grievous personal loss. Of all the friends I have had since I have been over here, there was none who was always so ready to serve me, none who showed a truer interest in my

welfare. This has been my personal experience; but in a more general way he so impressed me with a sense of his entire goodness and unselfishness, that I have constantly thought of him and spoken of him as the best man I ever knew. It is, indeed, most sad for us all, that he should be taken away at a time of life when he might reasonably hope to enjoy, to a greater extent than ever before, those opportunities of doing good to others, which he most of all prized."

An American clergyman, abroad at the time of Mr. Minturn's death, writes: "As I read to Mrs. McV——, shortly after we heard the sad news, 'But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace.' If a wise Jew could say this, how much more we, who know

what God hath done for us Christians, and intends to do for those who love His beloved Son. Mr. Minturn's death is not a loss only to his family. Far and near his influence for good, and the happiness of others, had spread, and many more than I know, and doubtless even than you know, will be mingling their sorrow with yours, when they hear that their kind friend and thoughtful benefactor, the generous, noble-hearted Robert B. Minturn, has gone from the field of labour to the haven of rest."

From the letter of a lady we met on one of our journeys to Europe: "Though our acquaintance with your precious parent was slight, we have always felt attached to him in an unusual degree. The loftiness of his character was seen in the expression of his face, and expressed in the tones of his voice. We considered it a high privilege to have met him on the journey of life, and to have held, even for a short season, sweet counsel and intercourse with him."

From a very aged lady: "There is one consolation: God has taken him to a richer inheritance than this world could give; and the spotless halo around his crown is, that he died doing his Master's work. My knowledge of his childhood, and all his antecedents, brings him nearer to me, and my tears have flowed freely at recollections of the memories connected with his early life, of his parents and grandparents, whose lives were illustrations of every good work."

Another lady writes: "In sending the enclosed extracts, I seek to give some expression to the sympathy that fills my heart, as well as to my deep sense of the rich consolation you possess in the rare Christian character of Mr. Minturn.

"The generous inclination, the just rule, kind wishes, and good actions and pure thoughts, were illustrated in his daily life.

"The 15th Psalm is his memorial. What an example to his children! What a pre-

cious memory to treasure in their hearts, and transmit to their children."

Another friend, in Europe, writes: "I have never received from any stranger the kindness and appreciation that I received from Mr. Minturn; and there is no one living now, besides my children, that I could mourn as I do him. I have lost my friend, my adviser, the one above all others that I looked up and deferred to.

"I am told here, that no death, with the exception of President Lincoln's, has made so profound an impression on the public mind as his, or caused so deep a sympathy. You have the consolation of knowing that he left his seal on all that he touched; and that the elevation of his character was felt and appreciated by a great community."

The coloured lad brought up in Mr. Minturn's family, to whom we have alluded, writes: "It is with heartfelt sorrow that I am now thinking of our kind and beloved friend Mr. Minturn. I feel with you. I

sympathize with you and your family. I mourn for one so much honoured and loved as a father, husband, and friend. May the Almighty comfort you in your time of trouble, and enable you, with patience, to stand the trial."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE following lines were sent by a lady who appreciated the worth and mourned the death of Mr. Minturn:

IN MEMORIAM.

The name of Robert Minturn!
A name that cannot die,
Though "earth to earth and dust to dust,'
His mortal part shall lie.
His mission all completed,
Christ's work he loved the best,
Gently he laid life's burden down,
And entered into rest.
What need had he of working?
It was a Father's love
That took him from an earthly home
Swift to his home above.

It was an end most fitting,
We scarce can call it death,
Though cold the form, and still the heart,
And hushed for aye the breath;
It seemed a bright translation
A soul so pure as his
Rising like one all glorified
Into a realm of bliss.

The name of Robert Minturn!
How many in the land
Have heard that name with thankfulness,
Have felt that generous hand.
Oft did his presence brighten,
And oft his voice did bless
The homes of want and weariness,
Of darkness and distress;
And where the weak and dying,
On beds of sickness lie,
There was his sympathizing heart,
His helping hand was nigh.
And oft his aid was given
In each good work begun,
Where'er Christ's holy altars rise,
Or churches carved in stone;

And many a heaven-pointing spire,
In after years shall tell,
Of him who loved his Master's work,
And lived to do it well.

To aid the needy, guide the weak,
The erring to restrain,
This was the lesson of his life—
For him to die was gain!
Though stricken hearts and bending forms
With tears of anguish lave
The holiest spot to them on earth,
That earnest Christian's grave,
His only is the triumph,
And theirs alone the loss;
Death won no victory over him,
The Soldier of the Cross.

E. H. THATCHER.

THE following poem was copied and sent by another sympathizing friend,

TO ONE AT REST:

And needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded 'mid the blest?
How changed art thou since last we met to keep the day of rest!
Young with the youth of angels, wise with the growth of years;
For we have passed since thou hast gone a week of many tears,
And thou hast passed a week in heaven, a week without a sin,
Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all glorious within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns along life's weary track,
Not a sorrow or a joy but we shall long to call thee back,

Yearn for thy true and gentle heart, long thy
bright smile to see,
For many dear and true are left, but none are
quite like thee;
And evermore to all our life a deeper tone is
given,
For the loving friend of many years has enter-
ed into heaven.

How wise, and great, and glorious, thy gentle
soul has grown;
Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as
thou art known.
Yet in that world thou carest yet for those
thou lov'dst in this;
The rich man did in torments and wilt not
thou in bliss,
For sitting at the Saviour's feet and gazing in
His face
Surely thou 'lt not unlearn one gentle human
grace.
Human, and not angelic, the form He deigns
to wear,
Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt
bear!

At rest from all the storms of life, from its
night-watches drear,
From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from
its aching fear,
Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar
name;
High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in
this the same;
Together do we watch and wait for that long-
promised day,
When the voice that rends the tombs, shall
call, "Arise and come away,
My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and night
are past,
And the time of singing and of light has come
to thee at last,"
When the Family is gathered and the Father's
house complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Father's
smile shall meet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before annexing the obituary notices which appeared in the public journals, we will transcribe part of a letter from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, written after reading the manuscript of this memorial:

"I have but one thing to suggest as the candid result of my own impressions of this record of a noble life. I would have more emphatically stated the peculiar trait of Mr. Minturn's beneficence, viz.: its continuous interest and remarkable foresight. Many of our prosperous citizens appropriate a certain portion of their income to charitable objects; indeed, no city in the world is more constant and liberal in behalf of humanity; but, usually, with the casual

gift ends the personal interest, whereas to Mr. Minturn 'doing good' was not less a pleasure than a business, the object of his life, a charm of his experience. Two instances occur to me which illustrate my meaning. I once laid before him a private case of much delicacy; a noble man had, after years of toil, given away the savings provided for his old age, at what he deemed the imperative call of duty; a long and painful illness ensued, and it was accidentally discovered that he was nearly destitute; he had not complained, and his nature was such, that no one ventured to offer him pecuniary assistance.

"It was determined, by those who knew his worth, to raise privately a certain sum, place it in the hands of a banker, who would notify the recipient of the credit opened in his favour, thus avoiding any personal knowledge of the obligation.

"Mr. Minturn entered into the scheme with ardour; he followed me to the door,

after heading the subscription, and thanked me earnestly for giving him the opportunity to join in the project, saying, 'If I had ever heard that such a case, so near at hand, and so peculiar, had been overlooked, it would have been a lasting subject of regret.'

"A year afterwards, when every one interested in the subject, had probably forgotten the exigency with the immediate relief afforded, Mr. Minturn sent me a note of inquiry as to the condition and prospects of the unconscious object of his kindness, adding, 'Is it not about time to do something more for him? Let me know,' etc.

"The other instance was mentioned to me by my brother, who was then living at Hastings on the Hudson, where the tidings of Mr. Minturn's death excited such wide and deep grief. My brother met one of your husband's trusted almoners weeping in the village, who showed him a note received only a few days previous, and requesting that a pair of shoes should be

given to this boy—some flannel to that poor woman, fuel to one, flour to another —showing the most perfect recollection of the needs of each person at the moment. It was this consideration, method, prescience, in his benevolence that always struck me as the peculiar charm of his benevolent work."

These comments of Mr. Tuckerman having been named to a dear friend of the family, induced her to relate the following anecdote as one treasured in her memory: "A poor woman one day asked at the office to see Mr. Minturn, but was refused admittance as he was very much engaged. Mr. Minturn overheard her, and allowed her to tell her story, to which he patiently listened; she had been left a widow with a son and daughter, both had grown up, the daughter had died of consumption, and now the son whose business was that of a printer, had been unfit for employment some months; mother and son in absolute destitution.

Mr. Minturn was not satisfied with assisting her at the moment, but went himself to enquire into the case, and finding it to be as represented he became a constant visitor to the young man, reading the Bible to him, and supplying him with every temporal comfort. He even watched by his death-bed; the young man, when speechless, pressed Mr. Minturn's hand, and, pointing upwards, signified his reward was there."

It will not be inappropriate to mention here that in an interview with Mr. George Peabody, a few months before his own death, he spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Minturn—of his character, and his example, saying, "he was the best man I ever knew."

An anecdote related by Mrs. Marcy, widow of the Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, is also interesting, as one that came under her own immediate notice. She was visiting one of her relatives in New York city, and while at dinner a voice of distress

was heard in the hall. One of the family went to enquire the cause, and found it was a respectable woman, who had rung the bell, to ask if Mr. Minturn lived there; if not, could they give her his direction. She said —"I am a stranger and in distress. I do not know Mr. Minturn, but I know his character, and I am sure if I can find him that he will give me the assistance I need." These few examples are not amiss as the pleasant tribute of friends,—and corroborative testimony that the character this memoir attempts to portray, has not been over-drawn by a blind affection.

Appendix.

From the New York Observer.

We mentioned, last week, the death of Robert B. Minturn, Esq. He was the head of the commercial house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., an active and devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for many years attached to the church of the Holy Communion, of which the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg was for a long time the rector. This church has always been what is denominated a free church. Mr. Minturn was a liberal contributor to its support, having a decided preference for those church edifices where the rich and the poor meet together. He was a constant attendant upon the services of his church, and devoutly united in her communion services, they being more frequent in this church than in any other of the same denomination of Christians in New York. His labors in acts of charity were abundant. He did not think it sufficient to

be a munificent donor of the large pecuniary means which a prosperous business supplied, but he took great pleasure in speaking kind words and giving good counsel to the destitute and afflicted—he realized that highest characteristic of pure benevolence described by the Apostle Paul—*he gave liberally and upbraided not.* There was no display of superiority—no harshness or severity in the manner of his dispensation of good offices. He gave with simpleness—he was gentle—even the tones of his voice were soothing and consoling, and his face beamed a spirit of kindness. In short, he was a delightful companion in all circles of society, whether high or humble. He was not slothful in business, and his business was extensive, yet he found time to devote to acts of benevolence, and this resulted from the fact that he took pleasure in performing such acts. He took up no cross in this service; there was in him the will, and he realized the truth of the adage, "Where there is a will there is a way." Although he received much, as the fruits of his labor and his enterprise, and was gratified by his acquisitions, he felt it was more blessed to give

than to receive. His experience might be that of every prosperous merchant and man of business in our city who would cultivate similar desires and inclinations of heart. He had no desire for public life, or for political preferment, or for notoriety of any sort; he shunned all these, and yet he made not the least display of humility—he had none *to speak of*. We take great pleasure in sketching such a character, when it can be done from real life.

But more than all, and better than these deeds of charity, he took a personal interest in the wants of the poor, with his own hands putting up clothing for the destitute, and seeking individual cases that required friendly care. His residence in the country brought him into the vicinity of families whom it was his pleasure to relieve, and even children were clothed by him that they might be able to go to school. The poor mourned for him when they heard of his death.

In a community so largely commercial as the city of New York, and where so many enterprises are on foot which realize large profits, we think it profitable to hold up and dwell upon such a character as that which

the life of Mr. Minturn furnishes; it is one of the triumphs of Christianity. Such examples are lamentably not numerous; yet we rejoice to say there are some few in the city of New York as bright as any city, in any age, could ever boast. Would it were in our power to multiply them.

Mr. Minturn was a rich man; he had been prosperous in this his native city for a long course of years. There are many severe temptations which beset the path of a rich man, and he is eminently worthy of commendation and admiration who can pass through a life not short, and successfully resist these temptations. We are told by the highest authority that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, yet rich men do reach this kingdom. The father of the faithful, he who was pre-eminently the friend of God, was a rich man. If a man set his heart upon riches he will become an idolator, but if he set not his heart upon them they may be multiplied without the least danger to their possessor, who may, notwithstanding his riches, like Abraham and Job, be blessed of God.

The funeral services over the body of the deceased were conducted at the church of the Holy Communion, in Sixth Avenue, by the ardent friends of Mr. Minturn, Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg; they were solemn and impressive, and the attendance of friends and citizens was very large.

From the CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

The city of New York has lost more conspicuous, more distinguished and more publicly lamented citizens, but seldom a man so beloved, trusted and revered as Robert B. Minturn. Diligent, sagacious and prudent in business, he had contributed as much as any one to rear his house to that position of dignity, influence and success, known and read of the whole commercial world. He continued that noble line of incorruptible, high-toned merchants, to which Clarkson and Jonathan Goodhue belonged — men who carried the honor of soldiers, the honor of Christians into business life, and made their word as sacred as their bond. Accumulating property in ways equally useful to the public and profitable to himself, Mr. Minturn not only felt all

the responsibilities of a steward of the Most High, but all the natural impulses of a generous and beneficent nature, to distribute wisely and humanely and freely of the goods a gracious Providence had furnished him. For five-and-twenty years his name has been associated with every good work—always seen largely and promptly leading every contribution to enterprises involving the relief of suffering, ignorance and sin. An earnest Christian, and a devoted lover of the Episcopal church, he connected himself with Dr. Muhlenberg's church because it was a free church, where the rich and the poor could worship together. It was only one illustration of his general habit of acting from thoughtful principle, and not merely according to honest usage. He consecrated his influence to usefulness, and would allow none of it to be lost. There was nothing thoughtless, impulsive, sentimental, or imitative in his charity. With a constitutional warmth and geniality of temperament, he kept his feelings strictly under the rein of duty. He could refuse where all his class had consented; he could consent where all others had refused. He had a no-

ble reliance on his own judgment, was satisfied when his conscience approved, and ever was independent of the censure or the approbation of the thoughtless crowd.

Without the ambition of a leader, retiring, modest, hesitating in his speech, he rose to his position by the natural elevation of his character, the genuine superiority of his worth. Nature had stamped his person with a peculiar dignity and beauty. His fresh cheek, beaming eye, erect carriage, benignant smile and open hand, his scrupulous neatness and good taste, impressed all who merely passed him by. But he had cultivated his mind with extensive reading and intercourse with thoughtful men of all professions. He meditated earnestly and diligently upon religious, commercial, political and moral questions, and had his own well-formed and independent views upon all. Especially was he well read in the literature of philanthropy—knew all the schemes which eminent lovers of the poor, or anxious reformers of society had tried or suggested. He was among the very few men in this whole community with whom charity was a study; who knew its

dangers, and the principles and methods by which alone it could safely be administered. Accordingly he was not only the treasurer, but among the originators of that invaluable association known as the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor," now fifteen years in operation—a society in which the soundest principles of political economy are united with the most solicitous and constant ministrations of mercy. St. Luke's Hospital is another monument to his judicious fostering. He was among the warmest friends of the Sanitary Commission, and more latterly of the National Freedmen's Relief Association. For he gave, what rich men are so much more chary of than money, thought and time and persistent devotion, to the cause that appealed to his purse. His heart and judgment and sense of duty went with his money. The very last time his pleasant voice sounded in our ears was at a private meeting at another wise and good merchant's house, where the Sanitary Reform of this city was under serious consideration. Mr. Minturn leaves few equals behind him, we think, in the intelligent devotion of mind and heart to the

philanthropic interests of this community. But all these public services were meagre compared with the secret kindnesses which made up Mr. Minturn's private life. He was always busied with individual cases of distress; always striving to extricate somebody from trouble, temptation and want. His nearest friends alone knew part of this, and heaven alone, the most.

But after all that Mr. Minturn's commercial probity, high-toned beneficence, and public spirit did for the honor and safety and reform of this community, all this was not the best part of him. It is not what a man does, but what he *is*, that constitutes his real weight and worth. Men of genuine goodness, of sincere sympathy, of loving natures, of eminent justice, candor and truth, free from self-seeking, modest, pure and lofty in their inmost thoughts, are perpetual benefactors. Virtue goes out of them at every step. They purify the air they breathe. They bless every passer-by. Their touch cures; their presence expels the demons that live and thrive in the company of worldly and selfish, even if prudent and thriving souls.

Robert Minturn was more and better than anything he said or did. The ten thousand who shared his substantial bounty, were not his chief beneficiaries. The rich men, the ordinary friends, the casual companions, the daily crowd among whom he moved, felt his healing, benignant, chastening, dignified and gentle nature still more powerfully and beneficently. His looks were better than his words; the pressure of his hand more precious than his gift. His atmosphere was fatal to wrong, to folly, to pride, to hardness, to worldliness; and such men are really the greatest benefactors the world has.

After saying thus much, it seems superfluous to add that Mr. Minturn was an earnest and sincere Christian; so earnest and so sincere, that his Christian sympathies burst all denominational bounds, notwithstanding his attachment to his own church was most emphatic. He hailed the co-operation, and recognized the Christian temper of all good men, and was the warm and constant friend of many a man deemed heretical and dangerous among his fellow-churchmen.

We lay this brief tribute on Robert Min-

turn's grave, with the sincerest sympathy for that more immediate circle of daily friends—his business companions, his partners, and clerks—who must feel that the loss of his judgment and skill and fidelity, great as it is, is nothing compared with the loss of so benignant, gentle, considerate, and wise a friend; and with still greater sympathy for that innermost circle who mourn the tenderest of husbands, the most devoted of parents!

From The Commercial Advertiser.

The public sympathies were painfully startled yesterday with the announcement of the sudden death of Robert B. Minturn. With that announcement deep sorrow passed over the city. None who knew Mr. Minturn—and there are few indeed among us to whom his person or his character were unknown—received the intelligence emotionless. All who knew him well—who had knowledge of the wonderful combination of elements which formed, harmonized and perfected his manhood—were deeply saddened. None, again, who knew Mr. Minturn could be indifferent

acquaintances, for he could not be known without being honored or loved. With positive qualities and decided convictions, by which his actions were guided, there was so much of gentleness in his nature, and his intercourse with the world was characterized by such earnestness and sincerity, that we hazard nothing in saying that no prominent citizen of this great metropolis, living and dying among us, has ever been so highly or so universally appreciated. It is, therefore, no common loss that the city has sustained. Mr. Minturn devoted his thoughtful head and his great heart to good works. Indeed he was all his life a sort of lay missionary, for while actively engaged in extensive commercial business, he found leisure to help forward and govern asylums, hospitals, schools and churches. In works of practical benevolence, for moral improvement, social reforms, and religious instruction, he never wearied. His intervals and relaxations from the duties of the counting-house were consumed by zealous efforts to improve and elevate the character, or in relieving the sufferings of the unfortunate and destitute.

Mr. Minturn has been connected with the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. nearly forty years. Of his or its high and honorable character and career, wherever harbors exist or ships go, it is quite unnecessary to speak. He was, in the best sense of the term, a "merchant prince," and as such was as highly valued in London as in New York. Those who have traveled throughout Europe with the autograph of "Grinnell, Minturn & Co." to their letters of credit, can realize the value of well-established commercial integrity.

Mr. Minturn was an intelligent, enterprising, enlightened merchant. And in business he was nothing else. He engaged in no outside speculations. What time could be spared was given to benevolent, educational, reformatory or religious enterprises. He declined all political honors and public employment. Once, and only once, he was prevailed upon to accept office. He was one of the first commissioners of emigration, consenting only because he desired to protect emigrants from robbery, and to provide homes for emigrant orphans. He took great interest in establishing the Central Park, and almost consented

to become a commissioner, but at the last moment declined.

Of the home and hearth that has been bereft of a husband and father—of such a husband and father—we will not, cannot speak; for words would only mock their grief. We know something of the "peace and good-will" that dwelt in that mansion—something of the affections which hallowed and consecrated that now severed and weeping household, and we know how much too intense and bitter that sorrow is to find consolation but from One source.

From the HOME JOURNAL.

IN our most universal study—(of what is possible for our human race)—we have one most precious lesson from the Bible itself—the story of our Saviour's signaling-out of a "beloved Apostle." Among his "Apostolate of Twelve," Christ's omniscient heart *loved* the "unblemished John." On John's, as the countenance of perfected beauty, art has been ever since at work, and so have history, and poetry, and sculpture, and sacred tradition.

We have learned, from this most precious precedent, that there may be such an exception as an exempt from human failings—great beauty of person, combined with exceeding loveliness of soul—and it is worth recording, as part of every one's experience of life, the the time and place of each one's *seeing of the beloved Apostle*. We all know the one or more whom it would have been impossible to see and not to love.

The knell is just now tolling, in New York, for the funeral of one who was thus signally beloved. ROBERT B. MINTURN, who has died very unexpectedly, was probably the one of our "merchant princes" who was the most affectionately regarded.

Before making another remark of our own, let us copy the first mention of the sad event of his death by those who best knew him. A friend of the deceased (and a very eminent man) thus writes, in the Times of yesterday :

"Mr. Robert Minturn, the head of the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., died of paralysis, at his residence in this city, about two o'clock yesterday morning, in the sixty-first year of his age. There was hardly a man among us better known, certainly no one more beloved

for his private virtues, or more respected for his high-toned character, his unbending integrity, his sound judgment, and his conscientious discharge of every public and private duty. His motives were probably never impeached in any act of his life, and it has fallen to the lot of few men to wield so wide an influence among his fellows in a purely private position. His wealth and influence were due to his own exertions and ability. Holding wealth as a trust, to the poor his hand was always open with a liberality which had become proverbial, while so modest and unassuming were his efforts to seek out and relieve cases of obscure suffering, that the amount of good he done was rather guessed at than known. Patriotism with him was a passion; and so devoted was he to the cause of the Union, that, old as he was, and feeble in health, he had serious thoughts of taking his sword or musket and serving in the field. At the outset of the war, he invested a large portion of his wealth in government securities, and the Administration never turned to the country for pecuniary help, that it had not the immediate aid of his clear head, his generous hand, and his wide influence. No man more clearly apprehended the cause of the rebellion, and no one rejoiced with a more heartfelt joy at the destruction of both. When to be opposed to slavery was to hold an unpopular opinion, Mr. Minturn never shrank from its avowal, and one of the last acts of his life was to give aid to an association on behalf of the freedmen. At home and abroad—where he went reluctantly, a year or two ago, for his health—his time, his means, and his efforts were devoted to supplying the government with men and money; to giving comfort

to the soldiers in the field; to the ameliorating the condition of the blacks, and fitting them for the freedom which the war was about to bestow upon them. His last thought and his last word were an anxious expression of sympathy for the poor about us, to whom the sudden cold had brought unusual suffering.

"Mr. Minturn never held a public office, unless the Presidency of the Union League Club can be called so. He was the first to fill that office, and he did much for the organization of an association in which he hoped to concentrate—and succeeded in doing so—the loyalty of his class. We had among us no better embodiment of the Christian gentleman, no higher representative of the republican citizen, than he."

The Evening Post, of the following day, makes another record, which is a similar tribute to the position which the deceased held in the public estimation:

"The Union League Club met last night, to give expression of the sorrow of the members on account of the death of Robert B. Minturn, who was the first president of the club, and also to express their sense of the public loss in his decease. The President, Charles Butler, presided. In his short address, he said that, in contemplating the ever-pleasing and noble features of Mr. Minturn's character, all of us realize that society has lost a valued member, we the companionship of a genial friend, and his family that honored head which cannot be replaced.

"The following named gentlemen were appointed to

report resolutions, conveying the sense of the club in this bereavement: William E. Dodge, A. A. Low, George Griswold, Horatio Allen, H. T. Tuckerman. The committee having retired, returned in a few minutes, with the following resolutions, written by H. T. Tuckerman, which were then read by the president:

"*Whereas*, It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from his sphere of benign activity on earth our respected fellow-citizen and beloved associate, Robert B. Minturn, and whereas, he was one of the earliest and most efficient of the founders of this club, and its first president, as well as the personal and cherished friend of many of its members, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we recall, with grateful satisfaction, his original co-operation in the national objects and patriotic duties which this association was formed to initiate and promote.

"*Resolved*, That while we deeply sympathize with his family in their irreparable bereavement, and tender them our sincere condolence, we mourn an honored and beloved associate, a generous and genial man, and a true Christian gentleman.

"*Resolved*, That his judicious and unremitted liberality in the benevolent use of the gifts of fortune, and his conscientious discharge of responsible duties, as an officer of our public charities, render his example memorable and precious.

"*Resolved*, That his uniform kindliness and hospitality in social intercourse, his consistency in friendship, his integrity as a merchant, his fidelity as a citizen, his earnest religious convictions and the daily beauty of his life, endear and consecrate his memory to our hearts.

"*Resolved*, That we will attend his funeral under the direction of the officers of this club.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

"In proposing and seconding the adoption of the resolutions, Messrs. William E. Dodge and A. A. Low spoke at considerable length, in glowing eulogy, of the character of the late Mr. Minturn, and were followed by Dr. Osgood, who related many pleasing incidents of his goodness of heart and tender charities.

"The Commissioners of Emigration have adopted suitable resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Minturn, who was one of the first members of that commission."

Of a modesty amounting to diffidence, Mr. Minturn could never be placed, and not easily spoken of, according to his merits, in his lifetime. But with all his shyness, he was of singular personal beauty, and with such an impress of high birth and good breeding in his features and manners, as distinguished him, at first sight, for what he was. He was beloved by the stranger who first saw him, as by the friend who had long known him.

We are sure that the beautiful countenance of Mr. Minturn will be made sacred to our remembrance, as is George Washington's and Washington Irving's, and others who were—(besides being the most gifted men of their time)—*beloved* by all who knew them. The "Union League Club" will first have the portraiture of that countenance on the most prom-

inent of their panels, and the same face will become, henceforth, the classic ideal of a character of angelic benevolence and dignity.

From The Western Episcopalian.

Another eminent man has fallen. The place of one of the most benevolent of merchants is vacant, and many eyes glisten with tears, and many heads droop with sorrow at the sad loss which the Christian and commercial interests of New York city have sustained in the death of Robert B. Minturn.

It was our privilege to attend the usual Sunday morning services at the church of the Holy Communion, in this city, Jan. 14th inst., and listen to the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg of that parish, on the character and eminent services which Mr. Minturn had rendered for the cause of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth.

We understood that the sermon was to be repeated in the chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, before the managers and the friends of the deceased, on the following Sunday, the 21st inst., in the afternoon. Accordingly, we re-

paired there at an early hour, because we knew there would be a great difficulty in obtaining seats. In a very short time the chapel was densely crowded, every portion being occupied by an intelligent audience, comprising the first families of New York City.

After the usual services of our church, Dr. Muhlenberg read an extract from the proceedings of a meeting held by the officers of St. Luke's hospital, after the decease of Mr. Minturn, including a resolution, requesting him to prepare a memorial, to be placed among the archives of the society—Mr. Minturn being the first president of the hospital. He then stated that something had been added to that memorial, for the purpose of being delivered before the public. The Rev. Doctor said, those who expected an eloquent funeral panegyric would be disappointed. I cannot analyze the character or paint the portrait of my friend, but only, in an humble way, sketch certain features, and call the attention of my hearers to certain characteristics of his life. I may, perhaps, say too much, or too little; for it is not possible to speak exactly right upon the death of a friend of twenty years.

Robert B. Minturn was eminently a happy man, and I shall make this the connecting link of my discourse. His youth was surrounded by virtuous influences and pious examples, and he carried the convictions of his boyhood into all the walks of life. As a merchant he was pre-eminently successful, and he was happy in all his commercial relations. Never were the flags of ships lowered to half-mast upon the decease of one so universally respected among those with whom he had business transactions, or one so deeply mourned. The same happiness extended to his domestic life. He lived to see nearly all his children settled, and occupying the same social position he filled. Happiness is the goal of mankind, and he found it by making others happy. During his entire life his cup ran over. His sense of justice was very acute, and he also loved mercy. His benevolence was only bounded by the necessity of the case. It could be better said of him than of almost any one I have ever known, that he never permitted his left hand to know what his right hand did. He gave freely and voluntarily; not as if he were conferring a favor,

but as if he were receiving one. He seemed always thankful that he had an opportunity to give. Still, his charity was not blind. He would ask the minutest questions, that his judgment might be satisfied, as well as his heart, and for the purpose of determining how much it would be best to bestow. Bishop Potter told me, while returning together from the funeral, that, being one day at Mr. Minturn's house in the country, he opened the Bible upon the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and accordingly read it. Mr. M. spoke of the passage afterward, and said he never thought of it without terror. "It is no terror," said the Bishop, "for those who give according to their means." "Oh!" replied our brother, "who is there among us who does more than give crumbs?" But if his largeness were crumbs, what shall we say of those, having fully his means, who, robed in purple and fine linen, fare sumptuously every day, and yet give nothing comparatively?

Some men who have large means have little hearts, and there are others who have great hearts, but unfortunately little means. His

wealth was large, and his charity was boundless. He used it for the best purposes, lived long to enjoy it, and has gone to his reward. Ripe in years, and yet without the decay of age, it would be almost impossible for any one to pass more gracefully from life to death. He had spent the day at his place of business in superintending the shipping of a lot of clothing, intended for the freedmen of the South—a work in which he had been deeply interested—and said to his son, "It is now finished," apparently thankful that his efforts had been attended with so much success. While riding home, he was overtaken by a lethargy from which he never roused. His last articulation was a direction to his friend, the Secretary of the Society, for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Pardon me, spirit of my friend, if in thy modesty thou shrinkest from this eulogy. I do not say thou wert without faults, but I cannot bear now to recollect, even if I had the heart to rehearse them.

"When God buries a workman," said Luther, "the work goes on." God has buried one of his best workmen, but who now shall

take his place? He has left behind him a glorious example, and if we may not imitate it in every respect, we may yet emulate his virtues, and revere his memory.

From Harper's Weekly.

The true treasures of a nation are its good men, and neither Death nor Time can steal them. The man, indeed, dies, but the memory of his character and life survives, and is a perpetual inspiration of the noblest action. This is so plain to all of us in the high and clear-sighted moments of life, that every honourable man would wish to build his monument, like that of Robert B. Minturn, in the unmeasured respect and tender love of his friends and neighbours.

Gentle, just, and generous; modest, humane, and sagacious; honoured by the most successful and prosperous, beloved by the poorest and most forgotten; his sense of responsibility growing with increasing fortune, until his devoted life was that of an humble almoner of the Divine bounty—this was the New York merchant, the American gentleman, the serene

Christian, whose life was a public blessing, and whose death is a universal sorrow.

Wholly withdrawn from what is technically called public life, and declining every position of merely personal advantage, there was no citizen of New York whose name was better known, and known only for an ideal probity in all business relations, and for the most earnest and unwearied practical humanity. He was one of the first commissioners of emigration, because he knew what severe and often repulsive labour the sincere and faithful discharge of that duty demanded; and therefore he was not content to give his name and his money to the relief of the suffering emigrant but he gave his heart and hand also. Could the long train of the poor, who knew him as their friend, and who, when his sudden death was known, came weeping to ask permission to look upon his face once more—have known that, once when a poor emigrant woman lay ill of ship-fever and neither nurse nor doctor would risk their lives in lifting her for necessary removal from her bed to a carriage, he quietly took her in his arms and tenderly carried her they would have known only one of the endless

services of his practical charity, from which no fear of his own safety could deter him.

But his sensitive sympathy did not impair his sagacity. Too finely balanced for extravagance in thought or deed, his mind and heart were in the fullest harmony, and his discharge of every business relation was as wise, unobtrusive, and faithful as his charity. His practical counsel was as valuable as his impulses were generous, so that all who knew him well and those who but seldom met him equally bore from his presence an impression of manly symmetry and completeness.

The death of such a man to those who were nearest to him is a personal loss not to be measured. But to the community his influence is so vital and enduring that it should rather be grateful that he lived so long than grieved that he died so soon. When Richard Cobden died, his political opponent, Disraeli, said of him that there were "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time." It is true, also, in a corresponding

sense, of some men in the larger sphere of society, and of none truer than of Robert B. Minturn.

Another periodical says:

By the death of Robert B. Minturn, which occurred at two o'clock this morning, at his house in this city, we have lost one of the most estimable and beneficent men in the country. Mr. Minturn was a man of most amiable manners and of a benevolence and generosity of disposition of which it is difficult elsewhere to find an example. His life, particularly in its later years, was a series of acts of charitable benefaction. An ample fortune placed large means at his disposal, and they were employed in the most liberal manner to assuage the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. As an example of his benevolence, we may mention, without, we hope, any violation of the sanctities of private life, that not long since, when the case of a well-educated and otherwise worthy man was mentioned to him, who had become so addicted to habits of intemperance as to bring his excel lent family to poverty, he immediately offered,

though he had no previous knowledge of the individual, that if he could be sent for a cure to the Asylum for Inebriates at Binghamton, the expense of supporting him there should be at his charge. He was one of the trustees of St. Luke's Hospital, and visiting it not long since and observing the good order, cleanliness and admirable arrangements of the department for the care of incurable children, he immediately made a munificent donation for the purpose of enlarging the accommodations of that class of patients. One of the objects of charity which of late occupied his attention was the case of the free blacks at the South. He contributed largely in aid of the Freedmen's Relief Association, and was engaged in representing the claims of the freedmen upon the liberality of his opulent friends just before his decease. These are but samples of the acts of his daily life. It will be long before the community will see the same extent of means united with such unwearied and habitual beneficence in their distribution. Mr. Minturn for some years past had been aware that there was an irregular action of the organs of circulation, and a disease of the heart was ap-

prehended, to which his sudden death was probably owing. He seemed, however, of late, by travel and exercise and a judicious manner of living, to have very considerably improved his health, and it was hoped by his friends that many years of usefulness were still before him.

From a German Newspaper.

In New-York ſtarb am 9. Januar Robert B. Minturn, einer der angeſehenſten Bürger dieſer Stadt, deſſen Tod dort umſomehr allgemein betrauert wird, als er in dem ſich ſelbſt auferlegten Berufe für das Wohl der leidenden und hilfsbedürftigen Menſchheit Vermögen, Zeit und Geſundheit einzuſetzen gewohnt war. Robert B. Minturn war Präſident und Mitglied vieler philantropiſchen Vereine, unter anderen auch jenes, welcher ſich die Sorge für hilfloſe und kranke Auswanderer angelegen ſein ließ. Obwol ſein Name hier unbekannt iſt, ſo mag ſeine Börſe, ſein Geiſt und ſelbſt ſein Arm manchem Kinde Oeſterreichs, das verlaſſen an den fernen Ufern Amerikas landete, Hilfe und Tröſtung gebracht und ſich des Dankes der Freunde und Verwandten dieſer Auswanderer würdig gemacht haben."

Translation.

Died.—In New York, on the 9th January, Robert B. Minturn, one of the most respected citizens of that city, whose death is so much the more generally lamented there, as in his

self-imposed efforts for the welfare of suffering humanity, he was accustomed to sacrifice his property, time and health. Robert B. Minturn was President and member of many philanthropic societies, among others of the one for the aid of helpless and sick emigrants. Although his name is unknown here, still his purse, his mind, and even his arm, may have brought help and consolation to many a child of Austria, landed unprotected on the far-off shore of America, and thus deserved the gratitude of the friends and relatives of these emigrants.

The various Societies and Public Boards, with which Mr Minturn had been connected, drew up resolutions of respect, with letters of condolence, and sent them to the family:

At a special meeting of the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of Zion Church, Greenburg, Westchester County, held January 12th, 1866, the following preamble and resolutions, offered by Mr. Edwin Croswell, were unanimously adopted.

The Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of

Zion church, having heard with profound regret the sad intelligence of the death of Robert B. Minturn, Esq.:

Resolved, That in the withdrawal from the scenes of life of one of such eminence in all good works, from large pursuits, from liberal deeds of charity, from beneficent aims, from the Church in all its manifestations of goodness and duty to God and man, from enlightened efforts to relieve and elevate the temporal condition and promote the eternal welfare of his fellow-men—while we bow with submission to the righteous dispensations of an All-wise Providence, we deplore the loss which such an event brings to the Church and to a wide community, in which his virtues are as household words, his character revered, and his example a precious heritage.

Resolved, That we cherish the remembrance of his virtues and graces in all the relations, as well of domestic as of outward life—the accomplished gentleman, the consistent Christian, the faithful Churchman, the devoted patriot—prominent in station, but just, urbane and liberal in spirit, and kind and gentle in manner—qualities which won the esteem and commanded the respect of all men.

Resolved, That this church and parish, the object of his fraternal care and solicitude, in which for many years he has been a devout worshipper and efficient member of this Vestry, feel particularly the magnitude of their deprivation; and in this spirit we tender to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow—not as to those "who sorrow without hope;" for of no one can the assurance be more reasonably indulged, that his departure from this life was the translation to a brighter sphere—even a heavenly—and that he died "having the testimony of a good conscience, in the Communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope, in favor with God, and in perfect charity with the world."

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen will attend the funeral in a body, and that the church be draped for thirty days with the emblems of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published.

GEORGE B. REESE, Rector.

LEWIS MANY, Clerk.

Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, Instituted A.D. 1768.

NEW YORK, *January 25th*, 1866.

SIR,—It is my duty, in accordance with the instructions of this Chamber, to transmit to you, as the representative of your family, the enclosed engrossed copy of resolutions unanimously adopted by it on occasion of the death of your lamented father, Robert B. Minturn, Esq.

To these expressions of respect and attachment to the memory of your father, and of sympathy for his family in their heavy bereavement, permit me to add my own.

I am, sir, with respect, your most obedient servant,

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Jr.,

ROBERT B. MINTURN, *Esq.* *Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, held January 12, 1866, the President announced the lamented death of Mr. Robert B. Minturn, one of the most honored members of the Chamber; and Mr. Benjamin H. Field, on the part of a Committee, submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, in the death of Robert B. Minturn, not only the Chamber of Commerce, but the whole community, of which he was so conspicuous an ornament, has met with an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That, as a merchant, Mr. Minturn was pre-eminently distinguished for his probity, intelligence, and liberality, no less than by his activity in every measure tending to promote the welfare and elevate the character of his calling—the whole adorned by the spotless purity of his private life. Liberally endowed by nature, strengthened by early and careful training, and constant moral and religious culture, he was admirably fitted to fill the many responsible offices of trust committed to him by his fellow-citizens; uniformly characterized by kind and genial manners, and prominent in every work of public benevolence, he was still better known by the daily beauty of his private charities. With sympathies warmly enlisted in the cause of his country, his loyalty was crowned by a Christian piety, ever active in the service of his Divine Master.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our lamented friend our profound sympathies in this their hour of bereavement, and that the Chamber of Commerce will attend his funeral in a body,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be sent to the family of Mr. Minturn.

National Bank of Commerce in New York.

January 10*th*, 1866.

Mr. Robert B. Minturn.

Dear Sir,—We have a sad yet grateful office to perform, in transmitting to you, and through you to Mrs. Minturn, and to the other members of the family, an extract of the proceedings of the Directors of the National Bank of Commerce, in New York, this day. We trust this heartfelt and unanimous testimony to the elevated character and many admirable qualities of the deceased, may not be without its value to his family. A rare combination of mental qualities and virtues constituted him a citizen of great usefulness, a Christian with no apparent guile or blemish, and a friend always true and unselfish.

With acute feelings that we also have sustained a great personal loss, we are very respectfully your obedient servants,

Jno. A. Stevens, *Prest.*

Henry F. Vail, *Cashier.*

Extract from the Proceedings of the Board of Directors of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, at a special meeting held Wednesday 10th January, 1866.

"With emotions of sorrow of no ordinary force, the Board of Directors record the death of their late colleague, Robert B. Minturn, who died at about two o'clock, on the morning of January 9th, after a very brief illness.

"Mr. Minturn was one of the original corporators and directors of the Bank of Commerce in New York, and continued to hold the office of director to the time of his decease, a period of over twenty-five years. He was ever the able and faithful director, the careful guardian of the important interests under the management of the Board, and conscientious trustee of the stockholders of the institution.

"His associates retain with sincere gratification the memory of an unbroken intercourse, marked by confidence, respect and regard; and they would briefly place on the minutes of the Board their estimate of the many virtues and striking character of their departed friend.

"As a merchant, Mr. Minturn was intelligent, enterprising and successful. Honor,

truth, justice, and spotless integrity constantly ruled his business career.

"As a member of society, he was ever deservedly esteemed and honored for his courtesy, earnestness and usefulness. The aim of his life was to do good. His labours to this end were unwearied and wisely bestowed. His own highest enjoyment was reflected from the happiness he bestowed on others.

"But in the domestic circle, the centre of pure enjoyment, his virtues shone with the highest lustre. His life was illustrated and adorned by his duties, as a son tenderly ministering to the declining years of a beloved parent, as a brother exhibiting uniform fraternal attention and regard, as a husband full of devotion to the claims of this sacred relation, and as a father ever seeking to present to his children wise counsels and just examples.

"These principles of morality and religion moulded his whole life, and completed a character worthy of being admired and imitated.

"The Directors offer to the family of their deceased friend the expression of their sincere condolence and sympathy, because of this sudden and mournful bereavement. And yet

they would point to the bright Christian faith, the well grounded hope, the completed work of him who ceases to cheer and guide them, as causes of gratitude which, by the aid of time, will bring their true consolation."

THE Associate Managers of St. Luke's Home wish to offer their respectful sympathy to Mrs. Minturn and family in their bereavement, which has deprived that institution, in common with all the other charities of this great city, of a generous benefactor.

The widow, the orphan, the sick, the outcast, bless the memory of him whose heart did ever beat responsive to their cry; whose hand was ever ready to relieve distress.

By order,

February 9th, 1866. ELLEN KEMBLE, *Secretary*.

MRS. MINTURN:

Dear Madam,—The Managers of the Wilson Industrial School beg leave to offer you their deepest sympathy and to mingle their grief with that of the multitude who mourn the death of your late husband. They well know

with what good cause hundreds of needy ones will miss his kindly smile, and his bounty, and that in him they themselves have lost a faithful friend.

The record of his last hours of activity tells the story of his whole life, a life devoted to God and his neighbour.

When at the last day, he shall hear the welcome words, "Come ye blessed of my Father," he shall also hear the deep Amens of the many whose lives have been made brighter and better by his love and good example.

With sincere respect,

MARGARET TOMEY, *Cor. Secretary.*

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, *January 26th*, 1866.

EXTRACT of letter from the Merchant Banking Company of London (limited), dated

February 10th, 1866.

"We have received your circular of 18th January, announcing the death of your senior, Mr. R. B. Minturn, of which we heard with sincere regret, and we beg to express our sympathy with his family and partner, under

the loss. The respect with which he was regarded in our mercantile community was only so far less general than in your own, that he was less generally known here, but, even in this city, the intelligence has been received with pain by a very wide circle, and by none more so than by those in this establishment, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

Minute on the Death of Mr. Robert B. Minturn.

This being the first meeting of the *Board of Managers* since the decease of our lamented associate and Treasurer, *Robert B. Minturn*, who died about two o'clock on the morning of January 9th, after a very brief illness, the Board on the present occasion would record the sorrowful event and express its sense of the loss this institution and the community have thereby sustained.

Mr. Minturn was one of the earliest and most active projectors of this Association. He engaged in the enterprise with all the disinterested earnestness of his noble nature.

The preliminary meetings for consultation were convened at his residence. He became its Treasurer, and through a period of nearly a quarter of a century, continued to discharge its duties until his death. He was ever the faithful guardian of the trust reposed in him, a sagacious counsellor, and an efficient and conscientious executive officer. His deep sympathy with the objects of the Association was an inspiration to others, which tended to augment its influence, and to promote its usefulness.

As a *Friend* he knew no guile. He was ardent in his attachments, courteous in demeanour, and genial in his social relations. He often surprised those who best knew him by unobtrusive acts of considerate kindness. His friendship was long-suffering and not easy provoked. It disposed him to throw the mantle of charity over human imperfection, and to seek palliatives for conduct his judgment disproved. His sympathy was sincere. It was the out-swelling of a heart of manly tenderness, which rejoiced in the joy of others, and shared in their sorrow for its alleviation.

As a *Citizen* he declined every position that

merely tended to his personal honour or advantage, yet he never shrank from any claims, however exacting, that were demanded by duty or humanity. So marked and individualized was his character for probity and liberality that his identification with plans of benevolence was their passport to public confidence. In all his public and private relations, he realized with vivid distinctness a deep sense of divine accountability, and so discharged his duties as to present an example worthy of universal imitation.

As a *Philanthropist*, in the proper sense of that term, he was without knowing or professing it, a model man. He loved his fellowmen, and evinced his sincerity by unremitted efforts to do them good. Yet such was the symmetry of his finely-balanced character, that he was never blinded by sympathy as to increase the evils he would remove. He was not a man of one idea, whose benevolence ran in one channel. His characteristic was unity in adversity, so that his ministries of mercy were diffusive like the rain and sunlight. While engaged in the larger enterprises of benevolence, he was not less attentive to the

wants of the humblest and poorest. He was ever a centre of beneficent influences. He gave kindly, freely, and unostentatiously—in the spirit of the divine maxim, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." He was not only one of the first founders of this Charity, but also of the Commission for the Relief of Emigrants; he was among the first to suggest and to erect improved dwellings for the poor, and to establish a new hospital, with peculiar adaptations; he was the friend and patron of the Society for the Relief of the Deformed and Crippled, and the munificent donor of numerous other charitable organizations. Whatever, indeed, tended to the advancement of the physical, social, moral and religious interests of his fellow-men, found in the liberality and co-operation of our departed friend, encouragement and aid.

As a *Christian*, he adorned his profession. He was devout, humble and hopeful. His deep religious sentiment brought all the qualities of his nature into beautiful harmony, and shed a soft and cheerful light over his whole character. His faith, operative and influential, passed beyond the mysterious boundaries of

mortal life, to its eternal awards. And such, imperfectly presented, was our late friend and associate. Need it be said that his end befitted the close of such a life? His departure was a sudden translation, while his last tremulous utterances were breathings of love and good will to his fellow-men.

The *Board of Managers*, in presenting this testimonial of regard for the deceased, would offer to the bereaved family, their sincere condolence and sympathy.

Signed in behalf of the Association,

JAMES BROWN, *President.*

R. M. HARTLEY, *Secretary.*

[SEAL.]

NEW YORK, *February, 12th,* 1866.

At a Special Meeting of the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, held in its Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 23d, 1866.

Mr. Benjamin R. Winthrop, the second Vice President, after some remarks, announced the death of Robert B. Minturn, late a Life Member of the Society, and submitted the follow-

ing preamble and resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

In the death of Robert B. Minturn, this community has to mourn the loss of one who was an honor to human nature. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any man to establish, in the public mind of all countries that knew him, a character so pure, just, and true; so kind, generous, and considerate; so eminently worthy to be regarded as that of a Christian gentleman. It is fitting that the record of such a loss should be accompanied by an expression of the sentiments it awakens in the minds of those who share in the bereavement. Be it therefore

Resolved, That the announcement of the death of our esteemed and honored associate, Robert B. Minturn, falls upon us with the weight of an unexpected calamity; that, in common with the whole community, we lament the close of a life of unceasing usefulness, illustrated by deeds of benevolence, brightened by the principles of patriotism, and elevated by the habitual practice of the virtues which adorn the human character.

Resolved, That the withdrawal of Mr. Min-

turn from the pursuits of commerce and the walks of benevolence, will create a void not easily to be filled, and that his unsullied career as a merchant, and the munificence of his charities, will leave a lustre on his memory which will brighten throughout the coming years.

Resolved, That this Society desires to make known to the family of their deceased associate the sentiments it entertains in regard to his memory, and the sincere sympathy it feels in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary take order for the transmission of these proceedings to the family of the late Mr. Minturn.

Extract from the minutes,

ANDREW WARNER,
Recording Secretary.

At a Special Meeting of the Board of Managers of ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, called in reference to the death of their late president, Robert B. Minturn, and held on the evening of Friday, 12th January, 1866.

The following record was ordered to be entered on the minutes:

"It would be a duty upon the part of the

Board of Managers of St. Luke's Hospital to commemorate, by a respectful record, the loss of any one who had filled the position of its presiding officer, from its origin, fifteen years ago, when it was in its infancy and weakness, until now when in its maturity and strength. But what would devolve upon us as a duty in almost any other case, is in that of Robert B. Minturn, not merely a duty, but the privilege of gratitude and love. He was the chief aid of the venerable and reverend founder of the Hospital in procuring the land upon which it is built, and in obtaining the means for its erection, contributing liberally from his own means, and most influential in securing the aid of others. From that early period of the Hospital's existence to the time of his death, whether in sickness or in health, whether present or absent in the pursuit of health, his interest in its success — his exertions for its welfare — never failed, never flagged. In other institutions for the welfare of his fellow-man he was equally active and efficient. His beneficence to individuals was bounded only by his knowledge of their wants. Most of such acts were known only

to the recipients and himself, and to Him whose Spirit guided him; but to mention even those known would far exceed the limits of this record.

"The intelligence of the death of no other private citizen could have fallen with such sadness upon a whole community. Taking his whole character together, and in all its parts —regarding its exceeding gentleness, and its great strength—his loss to us is irreparable. His mantle can fall upon no successor.

"While mourning his loss, though we cannot imitate, let us humbly endeavor to profit by his example.

"It was further ordered that the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg be requested to prepare a Memorial of their late President, to be preserved among the records of the Society, and that the Board procure a portrait,* to be placed on the walls of the Hospital."

I certify the above to be a true extract from the minutes.

T. W. OGDEN,
Secretary St. Luke's Hospital.

* This portrait was faithfully and beautifully executed by Daniel Huntington, Esq.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION,
NEW YORK, January 12th, 1866.

MRS. ROBERT B. MINTURN:

Madam,—Herewith I have the honor to transmit you a copy of Resolutions, adopted by the Board of Commissioners of Emigration at their last regular meeting in reference to the death of Robert B. Minturn.

Very respectfully,

BERNARD CASSERLY, *Secretary*.

At a regular meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration, held at the office of Cyrus Curtiss, Esq., No. 98 Broadway, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, Esq., President, in the Chair, and a quorum being present, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Commissioners of Emigration have learned with unfeigned sorrow the death of their former associate, Robert B. Minturn.

Resolved, That in Robert B. Minturn, one of the founders, and a member of the Commission at its organization, they mourn the loss of one endeared to them by a common struggle against the difficulties amid which

this Commission was organized, and which his weight of character and personal virtues contributed in an eminent degree to overcome.

Resolved, That in his death they lament, with the entire community, the unfailing kindness and practical benevolence which, in his sphere of action, he ever displayed, and which none can better appreciate, or will more keenly miss, than the poor he so often befriended.

Resolved, That they tender their sincere condolence to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Commissioners will attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and published in the daily papers.

A true copy from the minutes.

BERNARD CASSERLY, *Secretary.*

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY,
NEW YORK, January 18th, 1866.

At a meeting of the Society, held this evening, ARCHIBALD RUSSELL, Esq., Vice President, in the Chair :

The Committee appointed at the last meet-

ing of the Society, to draft suitable expressions of regret at the loss of the late Robert B. Minturn,

Report,—The recent sudden death of Robert Bowne Minturn has saddened us all. We mourn him almost as a brother. Few men had such a hold upon the hearts of his people as Mr. Minturn. In his own particular sphere of life, in Trade and Commerce, he shone with eminent lustre. A successful merchant, of *world-wide fame*, his ever courteous demeanor to his brother merchants, and to all men, entitled him to the claim of "Champion of the Amenities of Social Intercourse;" his exalted commercial character lent a lustre to the American name.

This Society cordially unites with other kindred Associations in tribute of respect to his memory.

Therefore, be it

Resolved, That, with legitimate pride, the American Geographical and Statistical Society claimed the late Mr. Robert B. Minturn as one of our associates; that we recognized in him an early and constant member of our Society, a liberal patron of science, a patriotic

citizen of the State, a helping friend, an honest man.

And be it further

Resolved, That with equally legitimate grief, this Society regrets his loss as a fellow-member, as a fellow-citizen, and as a fellow-man, and we hereby convey to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased, our sincere sympathy and condolence.

And be it further

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the minutes of the Society, and that a copy be conveyed to the family of the deceased. Respectfully submitted,

Signed,

J. W. RICHARDS,
WM. COVENTRY H. WADDELL,
WM. REMSEN,
Committee.

I certify this to be a true extract from the records of the Society. Witness the seal of the Society this 18th day of January, 1866.

[SEAL]

WM. COVENTRY H. WADDELL,
Recording Secretary.

A patent of arms was granted to John Minturn of Newland, in 1581. There were six John Minturns in direct descent. Wm. Minturn and John Minturn, Gents, were appointed to the office of woodmen and custos of all the woods in Devon, Eliz. 37.

In the south aisle of the church at Balscombe, which aisle belonged to the Minturns of Newland, under a window on a stone, is "Here lieth the body of J. Minturn, Gent., who deceased the last of September, 1592."

John Minturn, the last of the family, died without a son in 1705, having only one daughter and heiress, who married Henry C apcott.

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